THE

Fair Quaker of Deal:

OR, THE

Humours of the Navy.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:

Printed for JAMES KNAPTON at the *Crown* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, BERNARD LINTOTT at the *Cross-Keys*, between the two *Temple-Gates*, in *Fleet-street*, and JONAS BROWNE at the *Black-Swan* without *Temple-bar*. 1715.

Price 1 *s.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO MY
GENEROUS and OBLIGING
FRIENDS
OF THE
County of *KENT*.

GENTLEMEN,

THIS Play was both design'd and finish'd in Your County, and therefore comes for Protection to the Place of its Nativity. It drags not a sluggish and unwilling Pace, as timorous of its

Reception, and the Hardineſs of its Fate; but pants for its Native Air, where it was brought forth with Pleaſure, and flies to the good Treatment of Your experienc'd Hoſpitality.

To fix upon any particular Patron from among You, wou'd be a general Offence, becauſe ſo many of You have a ſpecial Claim to my Gratitude for Your peculiar Favours: And to incorporate You, by Name, into one common Body, wou'd require a College of Heralds to order the Precedence, and a more difficult Exactneſs to martial my Obligations: I rather chuſe to confeſs them by a general Acknowledgment; and as each of You know what Title You have to my Thanks, I pay them in due Proportion, with the utmoſt Chearfulneſs, and with the profoundeſt Reſpect.

There is a Nicety, it ſeems, in Love, and ſome will have it, in Friendſhip, which will not endure Numbers in

ſuch

ſuch a ſtrictneſs of Union. Did I preſume to claim Friendſhips as unbounded as my Dedication, I would adventure to oppoſe that ungenerous Notion: but as I only take to my ſelf the leſs envy'd Name of a Client, and declare my good Fortune in having met with ſo many ſingular Patrons; Gratitude, I hope, without Cavil, may be as unlimited as Favours, and Favours will be as diffuſive as Good-nature and Ability can make them.

The Wonder will be, that under the happy Influence of ſuch a general kind Treatment, I have not been able to produce a more ſtrenuous and lively Play. It may be, Your Indulgence to the Parent has ſpoil'd his Offspring; for Writers, they ſay, as well as Breeders, muſt be under Diet and Preſcription: Mine, if it is a Muſe, has been under no ſuch Reſtraint; but has fed high, and liv'd well among You, and muſt plead Your Bounty in excuſe of her Irregularities.

Accept this Play then, as an Offering, Gentlemen, and skreen it as a Compoſure. It ſhou'd, indeed, have been more perfect, conſidering to whom, and for what Reaſons it is addreſs'd; but 'tis my firſt Effort, and therefore the firſt publick Opportunity I could take, of declaring how much I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your moſt Obliged,

Moſt Thankful, and

Obedient Servant,

C. S.

THE PREFACE.

THIS *Play was writ about three Years ſince, and put into the hands of a famous Comedian belonging to the* Hay-market *Play-Houſe, who took care to beat down the Value of it ſo much, as to offer the Author to alter it fit to appear on the Stage, on condition he might have half the Profits of the Third Day, and the Dedication intire; that is as much as to ſay, That it might paſs for one of his, according to Cuſtom. The Author not agreeing to this reaſonable Propoſal, it lay in his hands till the beginning of this Winter; when Mr.* Booth

read

read it, and lik'd it, and perſuaded the Author, that with a little Alteration it would pleaſe the Town. Indeed the Succeſs of it has been wonderful; notwithſtanding the Trial in Weſtminſter-Hall, *and the Rehearſal of the new Opera, it has anſwer'd the Ends of the Poet, and, he hopes, that of the Town too.*

I cannot omit mentioning the extraordinary Performances of Mrs. Bradſhaw, *Mrs.* Santlow, *Mr.* Pack, *and Mr.* Leigh, *who are the only People, on the* Engliſh *Stage, that could have acted thoſe Parts ſo much to the Life.*

It may be expected I ſhould give ſome Reaſons for my Scribbling, and make Excuſes for the Irregularities of the Play, find fault with thoſe things the Town are Good-natur'd enough to overlook, moſt arrogantly ſtand up for Time and Place, brag of the Newneſs of the Characters, &c. *But I muſt beg Pardon for not ſhewing the conceited Part of me. I am call'd in haſte to my Duty in* Portugal, *but, at my Return, it's probable, I may be as inſolent as the reſt of the Scribblers of the Town.*

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

N early Times when Plays were firſt in faſhion,
The Buſ'neſs of the Stage was Reformation;
The well-wrought Scene for publick Good deſign'd,
With imitable Virtue fill'd the Mind,
And laſh'd the growing Follies of Mankind.
That was its Golden Age, which ſoon outworn,
Romantick Love and Honour took their Turn.
Such Windmill Knights, ſuch odd fantaſtick Ladies
Sprung from the Brain of their Poetick Daddies;
Prince Prettyman *and* Amarillis *ſcarce*
Cou'd turn the lulling Nonſenſe into Farce.
Drove from thoſe Beds of dreaming Indolence,
The Muſe flew downwards till ſhe gave Offence;
For as our ſage Inquiſitors do tell us,
Her fineſt Parts were Jilts and Rakiſh Fellows.

And

And as Corruptors of this harmleſs Town,
We were preſented, and almoſt put down.
How would your uſeleſs time, 'twixt Five and Eight,
Have drag'd its Wings without this lov'd Retreat?
What other nameleſs Place had been ſo fit
For Pit to ogle Boxes, Boxes Pit?
At length, kind Judges, merry be your Hearts,
You're pleas'd to reliſh beſt our loweſt Parts;
Give you but Humour, tickle but your Spleen,
No matter how we furniſh Plot or Scene.
Soon pleas'd, but that, alas! you're ſqueamiſh too,
Your light Digeſtion muſt have ſomething new,
Or elſe you'll drive away to Puppet-ſhew.
Under theſe Terms of Grace young Bays *has writ,*
With double Title to be dubb'd a Wit,
Firſt, 'cauſe Poeta naſcitur, non fit.
From a fam'd Stock our tender Cyon *grows,*
And may be Laureat *too himſelf, who knows?*
But that his other Plea may be admitted,
You're both with new and merry Humour fitted.
Come, break him in, and when he writes again,
Perhaps he'll find a more diverting Pen.

THE

THE EPILOGUE, Spoke by the FAIR QUAKER.

Friends, doth it pleaſe you that this Triſle paſs?
Are you contented not to damn the Aſs?
Or doth it to your wiſer Judgment ſeem
More fit this leading Folly to condemn,
For fear of being charg'd with more of them?
Sedately think, and let your equal Zeal
Weigh both the publick and his private Weal.
Firſt then, i'th' publick Name, debate it whether
Ye can ſubſiſt, keep Life and Soul together,
Without the Privilege of coming hither:
If that you can ſpin out your life-long Days,
Without the Vanity of ſeeing Plays,
Down with this Scribler's Hopes, this Houſe and all,
Let both theſe Marts for Lewdneſs tumble, fall.

For,

For, ah it cutteth, it provoketh Paſſion,
To think you ſhould indulge Abomination.
But if you're harden'd, ſtung, as I may ſay,
With moral Madneſs like Tarantula,
That nothing elſe but Noiſe and Dance can cure you;
Then pray incourage, what you have before you:
For as theſe Triflers now-a-days do write,
No Mirth's more innocent than this to-night.
Now, Sirs, I come to plead our Stripling's Cauſe,
All the young Fellow wants, is your Applauſe.
Poet's a ſounding, empty Name,
Born on Parnaſſus' *Cliffs, he pants for Fame;*
Not ev'n your third Night's Bounty would content him,
If of the Grand Sophies *you ſhould prevent him;*
That word my Skill in Languages has lent him.
Nay, for my own Sake I demand this Grace,
Becauſe with much conſtraint I've ſet my Face,
To carry on a Quaker's dull Grimace:
And ill, my Friends, you would reward my Pains,
If I ſhould ſuffer for his want of Brains;
For where the Luckleſs Poet feels your Hate,
The undiſtinguiſh'd Players ſhare your Fate.

Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Flip, The Commadore, a moſt illiterate *Wappineer*-Tar, hates the Gentlemen of the Navy, gets drunk with his Boats-Crew, and values himſelf upon the brutiſh Management of the Navy.	Mr. *Leigh*.
Mizen, a finical Sea-Fop, a mighty Reformer of the Navy, keeps a Viſiting-Day, and is *Flip*'s Oppoſite.	Mr. *Pack*.
Worthy, a Captain of the Navy, a Gentleman of Honour, Senſe and Reputation.	Mr. *Booth*.
Rovewell, a Gentleman of Fortune, and true Lover of the Officers of the Navy.	Mr. *Powell*.
Sir *Charles Pleaſant*, *Worthy*'s Lieutenant, a Man of Quality.	Mr. *Bickerſtaffe*.
Cribidge, *Flip*'s Lieutenant, a brisk young Fellow.	Mr. *Elrington*.
Laſy, a Lieutenant of Matines.	Mr. *Cory*.
Indent, *Flip*'s Purſer.	Mr. *Knepp*.
Scruple, a Corporation-Juſtice, a canting Hypocrite.	Mr. *Freeman*.

Mr. *Norris*, Cockſwain, and Sailors.

WOMEN.

Arabella Zeal, bred a Churchwoman.	Mrs. *Bradſhaw*.
Dorcas Zeal, her Siſter, bred a Quaker.	Mrs. *Santlow*.
Belinda, a Woman of Fortune.	Mrs. *Moor*.
Jenny Private, *Tiltup*, Whores of the Town.	Mrs. *Spillar*. Mrs. *Hunt*.
Advocate, *Belinda*'s Maid.	Mrs. *Finch*.
Maid to *Arabella*.	Mrs. *Shirburn*.
Bar-Maid.	Mrs. *Cox*.

SCENE *DEAL*.

Time Five Hours.

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THE *Fair Quaker of* Deal: OR, THE Humours of the Navy.

ACT I.

SCENE Deal.

Enter Worthy *as from on Board, Cockswain and Crew following.*

Wor. O, thank Heaven, I have at last reach'd my native Land. Cockswain, take care the Water be sent on Board with Expedition, and bid the Purser hasten to *Dover* for fresh Provisions, and let the sick Men be set on Shore the next Ship: There's something for the Boat's Crew, go and refresh your selves.

Cock.

Cock. All your Orders ſhall be punctually comply'd with.

All Sailors. Thank your Noble Honour, huzza, huzza. (*Exeunt Crew.*

Enter Rovewell.

Wor. My dear *Rovewell!*

Rov. Welcome on Shore, dear *Worthy!* how have you far'd this Voyage? Prithee relate me ſome of your Adventures.

Wor. Why, faith *Rovewell*, my Voyage was attended with little Pleaſure, being generally confin'd to the barbarous Converſation of *Flip* my Commadore, a moſt obſtinate, poſitive, ignorant *Wappineer*-Tar; in ſhort, he has been my eternal Plague.

Rov. Why, was only you two the Convoy?

Wor. Yes, to make me compleatly wretched, Beau *Mizen* was the third Man; a Sea-Fop, of all Creatures, the moſt ridiculous.

Rov. I can't ſay I'm ſorry for the Uſage you have met with, becauſe I am in hopes the nauſeous Converſation of theſe Coxcombs will make you reliſh my Company the better.

Wor. The true Senſe I have of your Wit and Judgment will always make me covet your Acquaintance; therefore I needed not the wretched Preparative I have met with. ——But how does all our *Deal* Angels?

Rov. Why, the few virtuous Women are as proud and as inſolent as they us'd to be, and the Whores you left here about ten Months ſince are dead with Rottenneſs, and young Strums ſupply their rooms. This, is a monſtrous Place for Wickedneſs! Fornication flouriſhes more here than in any Sea-Port of *Europe*. You Gentlemen of the Navy are great Encouragers of Sin, and traffick mightily in that ſort of Merchandize; and for your Mony receive as laſting *French* Diſeaſes here, as any you can meet with in *Covent-Garden*, or the *Mediterranean*.

Wor. Ay; as thou obſerveſt *Rovewell*, the Marine Race are a debauch'd Generation. The Poets will tell us, that *Venus* herſelf was born of the Sea; troth, her fabulous Divinity has too many real Worſhippers bred up upon her own Salt Element.

Rov. 'Tis a ſtrange thing that People that face Death ſo near, and ſo often, ſhould have no Thoughts of ſaving their Souls.

Wor. Being conſtantly in danger of them ſo, that they look Death in the Face with as much Impudence as a *Deal* Whore does a poor Tar after a long Voyage.——But what News of my dear Quaker?

Rov. She's as proud and as beautiful as ever, and faith I believe as conſtant too: You'll never leave playing the Fool with that ſpiritual Creature, till ſhe draws you into Matrimony; ten thouſand Pounds, with Beauty and Virtue, are very great Temptations.

Wor. Then do you really think I have any Intereſt in that dear Creature?

Rov. Had you as much with the Lords of the Admiralty, you wou'd be a Great Man; for ſhe doats on you. Could you but have ſeen the Countenance ſhe put on, when there was a Report that you were kill'd; the Sighs, the Agonies, and the Groans ſhe had upon that occaſion, were more ſincere than thoſe her Religion obliges her to.

Wor. I am impatient till I ſee the dear Charmer. But how goes thy Affair on with *Belinda*?

Rov. Much after the manner of the *French* King's Affairs; they have a diſmal Aſpect; we quarrel like Man and Wife, or High-Church and Low. She knows her Aſcendant over my Heart is ſo rivetted, that ſhe can't loſe me, and therefore ſhe uſes me as tyrannically as if ſhe was the *French* King, and I one of the Proteſtants.

Wor. I hope no Perſecution will make you leave her Kingdom.

Rov.

Rov. To carry on the Simily, I am ſomewhat ſtubborn; but rather than loſe her Mony, I ſhall be a Convert.

Wor. But ſee the Commadore.

Enter Flip.

Flip. Ha! *Rovewell*, what Chear, what Chear my Lad?

Rov. Moſt noble Commadore, your humble Servant.

Flip. Noble, a Pox of Nobility, I ſay; the beſt Commadores that ever went between two Ends of a Ship, had not a drop of Nobility in 'em, thank Heaven.

Rov. Then you ſtill value your ſelf for being a Brute, and think Ignorance a great Qualification for a Sea-Captain?

Flip. I value my ſelf for not being a Coxcomb; that is what you call a Gentleman Captain; which is a new name for our Sea-Fops, who forſooth, muſt wear white Linen, have Field Beds, lie in Holland Sheets, and load their Noddles with thirty Ounces of Whores Hair, which makes 'em hate the ſight of an Enemy, for fear Bullets and Gun-Powder ſhou'd ſpoil the Beau Wigg, and lac'd Jacket. They are indeed pretty Fellows a ſingle Rapier, and can, with a little Drink in their Heads, cut the Throats of their beſt Friends; but catch 'em Yard-Arm and Yard-Arm with a *French* Man, and down goes the Colours. Oh! it was not ſo in the *Dutch* Wars, then we valued our ſelves upon wooden Legs, and ſtumps of Arms, and fought as if Heaven and Earth was coming together.

Rov. Yes, yes, you fought very glorioufly, when you let the *Dutch* burn the Fleet at *Chatham*.

Flip. That Accident was owing to the Treachery of ſome Rogues at Land, and not to us Sea-faring Folks.

Wor. Come, leave railing, my good Commadore; I believe thou art Honeſt and Brave; but wanting Senſe and good Manners, wou'd fain put the World out of Conceit with thoſe Accompliſhments. You old Cap-

tains,

tains, who ſit at Court-Martials, are very envious; and often mulct a young Fellow for Actions, which were reckon'd glorious ones, when done by any of your ſtupid Selves.

Flip. By the Load-ſtone I ſwear, I am none of theſe, I have ſerv'd in every Office belonging to a Ship, from Cook's Boy to a Commadore; and have all the Sea Jeſts by Heart, from the Fore-Caſtle to the Great-Cabin; and I love a Sailor.

Wor. Ay, ſo well as to get drunk with every Meſs in the Ship once a Week.

Flip. Why, that makes the Rogues love me: my Joculouſneſs with them, makes them fight for me; they keep me out of a *French* Goal. I'll follow my old Method till I am Superhanded; which I believe I ſhan't petition for this twenty Years.

Wor. Since you love your common Sailors ſo well, what reaſon can you have for uſing your Lieutenant ſo like a Dog?

Flip. Becauſe he ſets up for a fine Gentleman, and lies in Gloves to make his Hands white: And tho 'tis his Watch, when I ring my Bell the Rogue is above coming to my Cabin. I ſent him aſhore Yeſterday to the Poſt-Houſe, with a Letter to the Ambraltry; I order'd him to buy me a Quarter of Mutton, and threeſcore Cabbages for my own uſe; and the Land-Lubber (for he is no Sailor) had the Impudence to tell me, he would not be my Boy. I told him I'd bring him to a Court-Martial, and he threatned to throw up his Commiſſion, and cut my Throat.

Rou. Ha! ha! I'm glad thou haſt met with a young Fellow of Life and Vigour, that knows how to uſe you according to your Deſerts: but ſee who comes here ſo Gay!

Flip. 'Tis a Water-Beau; one Water-Spannel is worth fifty of ſuch fair-weather Fops; do but obſerve him now, oh monſtrous!

Enter

Enter Mizen *and* Cockſwain.

Miz. Go you to the Perfumers, buy me a Gallon of Orange-Flower-Water, and a Pint of Jeſſamin-Oil; let the Muſlin Curtains, and furbelow'd Toilet be waſhed out of hand: Carry on Board a Buſhel of Sweet-Pouder, and tell the Purſer, I am reſolv'd every Man on Board my Ship ſhall have a clean white Shirt at his Charge. *Tueſday* next is my Viſiting-Day; and I deſign to let the World ſee how much I have reform'd the Navy.

Flip. Ho, ho, ho, here's a fine Gentleman for you!

Miz. [*Seeing the Company*] Dear *Rovewell*, ſplit me on a Rock, if I am not tranſported at the ſight of you!

Flip. It would be well for the Nation, if ſuch Butter-Flies as you were tranſported to ſome of the Plantations: I wiſh you were my Bow-Man, and the Wind blew ſtrong at Eaſt, I'd ſpoil your Beauetry.

Miz. Why Lard, Commadore, won't you give a Man leave to be Decent and Clean? will nothing pleaſe you but what ſtinks of Tar and Tobacco?

Flip. Tar and Tobacco are ſweeter, one would think, than the Excrements of a Civetty-Cat; but I am well aſſured Talking to you is like rowing againſt Wind and Tide, and therefore e'en ſteer your Compaſs your own way: Friend *Rovewell*, I don't care if you and I toſs off a Can of Sir *Cloudeſly* before we ſail.

Row. Where do you lodge?

Flip. At the *Three-Mariners*.

Miz. May my Ship's Anchor come home if it be not an arrant Baudy-Houſe! The Husband keeps a Bomboat, the Wife a Brandy-ſhop, and the two Daughters are let out to all Comers and Goers.

Wor. Indeed the Houſe is very notorious; why don't you frequent the *India-Arms*?

Flip. Becauſe all the Fops and Beardleſs Boys of the Navy go there; beſides, I think the Husband too Blind, and the Wife has too much Sight: But *Tom Cragg* and I were Boatſwain's Mates together. As to its being a

Baudy-

Baudy-House, that is no Offence to me; for all Houses in Sea-Ports have been reckon'd so, ever since I pick'd Aukam: I suppose, Brother Finical, you don't know what that is.

Miz. Why, dear Commadore, do you think because we Gentlemen put on clean Shirts every Day, that we can't understand the Affairs of the Navy, as well as those who wear their Shirts till they are lousy? Do you think Nastiness gives you a Title to Knowledg?

Rov. Ay, as my Friend *Mizen* says, because Brutes are Sailors, can none be Sailors but Brutes?

Flip. I don't know what you mean by the word Brute; but I can perceive that no Animal is so ridiculous as a Monkey, except it be his charming Imitator, a Beau.

Miz. Did you never see an unlick'd Bear? He, he, he.

Flip. He, he, he: Yes, I have Booby, what then?

Miz. Oh! dear Monster, be civil.

Flip. Bullets and Gun-powder, what do you mean! If the Government did but know what a Swab thou art, I shou'd be knighted for cutting thy Throat.

Rov. Oh! fy, let's have no Quarrelling.

Miz. No, no there's no fear of it; the Commadore knows the length of my Sword, and nimble turn of my Wrist, too well to pick a Quarrel with me.

Flip. Why, thou canst only value thy self for being a Fencing-Master: were we in a Saw-pit together, with each a Blunderbuss, I'd try if I could not make a Sieve of thy lac'd Jacket; I'd soon singe thy Curls so, that thy Wig shou'd hang like a Parcel of Rigging after an Engagement.

Wor. This has been the continual Diversion of our Voyage.

Rov. Indeed, I think my Friend *Flip* does use Captain *Mizen* too roughly.

Flip. Ay, ay, you're all alike. A Perriwig-maker covers your Noddles, and a Dancing-Master gives you a hitch in your Pace, but the Taylor finishes the Fop: I find there's no bringing your Folly to an Anchor, so long as

the Wind blows ſtrong in the Nonſenſical Corner; ſo fare you well. [*Exit.* Flip.

All. Your Humble Servant.

Rov. 'Tis a wretched Fellow!

Miz. I have not words to expreſs what a miſerable Plague he has been to me, beſides a Charge! Would you believe it? ſplit me on a Rock, if he did not one Day break me forty Pounds worth of *China!*

Rov. For Heaven's ſake where was it?

Miz. Why, in my great Cabin: I dare affirm it, no Town-Lady's withdrawing Room, nor Country Gentlewoman's Cloſet is nicer furniſh'd than my Cabin; 'tis wainſcoted with moſt charming *India*, *Japan*, and Looking-Glaſs; I have a very noble Scrutore, and the moſt celebrated Skreen in *Europe*: I have an Invention, which makes the great Guns in my Cabin appear to be Elbow-Chairs cover'd with Cloth of *Tiſſue*: I have ſix and thirty ſilver Sconces, and every Vacancy is cramm'd with *China*.

Rov. Theſe Rarities are worth ſeeing indeed.

Wor. Oh, he keeps a Viſiting-Day, you and I'll wait on him.

Miz. I ſhall think my ſelf prodigiouſly oblig'd to you: May be you'll ſee as great a Concourſe of People, as there is at a General's, when he returns Victorious; Barges, Pinnaces, *Deal*-Yawls, and Long-Boats innumerable.

Rov. Pray who viſits you in the Long-Boats?

Miz. Why, *Dutch* Admirals. You muſt know I range them into the following Order: my Barges I call Coaches and Six, my Pinnaces are Chariots with two Horſes, my *Deal*-Yawls are Sedans, and my Long-Boats Hackney-Coaches.

Wor. Very nice indeed.

Miz. All my Sconces are loaded with wax'd Tapers; my Lieutenants and Warrant-Officers, nicely dreſs'd and perfum'd, place themſelves on each ſide of my Steerage; my Midſhip men and Quarteers are rang'd from the Bulkhead to the Gang-way, in my own white Shirts; the Ship's

ſide

ſide is mann'd by my Boat's-Crew, in ſpruce Apparel and clean Gloves; and the reſt of the Ship's Company are ready upon all Occaſions, to give Cheers and Huzza's, according to the Quality of my Viſitants.

Rov. Well, and what Entertainment are we to meet with?

Miz. Why, I generally treat with Tea, but the moſt modern way is to give nothing.

Rov. Pſhaw, methinks a Bowl of Punch wou'd be moſt proper.

Wor. Oh beaſtly! we at Sea always ſmoke when we drink, and that would ſpoil all the gay Furniture.

Miz. Oh wretched! and the Stink would ſuffocate me.

Rov. What is your Converſation?

Miz. We imitate the Ladies as near as we can, and therefore ſcandalize every body: We laugh at the ridiculous Management of the Navy-Board; pry into the Rogueries of the Victualling-Office; and tell the Names of thoſe Clerks who were ten Years ago bare-foot, and are now Twenty-Thouſand-Pound Men: We hear Stories of the ſcandalous Marriages of our Captains; the Leudneſs of ſome of their Wives, and the Meanneſs of the reſt: Sometimes we quarrel about whoſe Ship ſails beſt, who makes the fineſt Punch; or who has the greateſt Hardſhips, by having great Men's Favourites put over their Heads: but I keep them within the Bounds of good Manners and Moderation.

Wor. That is a very great Point gain'd.

Miz. May I be keel-hawl'd, if any Man in the Univerſe has more reform'd the Navy than my ſelf: I am now compiling a Book, wherein I mend the Language wonderfully; I leave out your Larboard and Starboard, Hawſers and Swabbs; I have no ſuch thing as hawl Cat hawl, nor Belay; ſilly words, only fit for *Dutch*-men to pronounce. I put fine Sentences into the Mouths of our Sailors, deriv'd from the Manlineſs of the *Italian*, and the Softneſs of the *French*: And by that time I am made an Admiral, I doubt not of bringing every Sailor in the Navy

to be more polite than moſt of our Country Gentlemen; and the next Generation of them may paſs very well for People of the firſt Quality. I'll get an Order for removing them from *Wapping* into the *Pall-mall:* and inſtead of frequenting Punch, Muſick, and Bawdy-Houſes; the Chocolate-Houſes, Eating-Houſes, and fine Taverns ſhall be oblig'd to receive them.

Enter to them a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Pray which is Captain *Worthy?*

Wor. Friend, I am he.

Serv. Sir, here's a Letter for you.

Wor. Ha! *Dorcas Zeal!* oh let me kiſs the Hand ten thouſand times.

Rov. How keen a Sportſman a long Voyage makes a Man.

Wor. [Reads] *Friend* Worthy, *if thou haſt not forgot thy old Acquaintance, give but thy ſelf the trouble of coming to the North end of the Town, where thou haſt often vented thy Vows of Sincerity, and thou wilt moſt aſſuredly find thine,* Dorcas Zeal.
Harkee, let the Lady know I'll wait on her inſtantly.

Miz. So Brother, I find you have an Intrigue already; I ſuppoſe I ſha'n't be much behind hand with you, for I expect a *Billet-Deux* from a ten thouſand Pounder.

Rov. Prithee, who is ſhe?

Miz. Why, ſhe's a *Quaker:* An intimate Acquaintance of mine has promiſed me his Aſſiſtance in ſtealing her for me.

Wor. Death and Hell! this is my Angel!

Rov. Patience! Man.

Miz. Now you muſt know, if we once get her upon the Beach, I whip her into my Boat, carry her on Board, marry her, lie with her, then come aſhore and demand her Fortune; and after that, you know, if I don't like her, 'tis but heaving her out at the Cabin-Window, and give out ſhe had a Calenture, and ſo jump'd over-board. Well, dear Gentlemen, I muſt go and ſee about this Buſineſs; for

for ſuch a Fortune is not to be neglected, eſpecially when a Peace is ſo near. (*Exeunt.*

Wor. Blood and Fire, what a Diſcovery's here!

Rov. Why truly it was a lucky one: I have a merry thought comes into my Head; there's a *quondam* Friend of yours and mine, who in our ſinful Days was very obliging to us.

Wor. What, *Jenny Private?*

Rov. The ſame.

Wor. Alas poor Frailty! that once fair Pleaſure-boat begins to lower her Sails, wears out in her Hulk, and ſinks both in her Price and her Credit: beſides, the new Reformation Wind blows ſo high, that every weather-beaten Veſſel can't live in't.

Rov. Now for that very reaſon, a ſudden charitable Deſign is got into this fruitful Noddle, of putting off this very Creature to *Mizen* for a Wife, a juſt Puniſhment upon him for his barbarous Deſigns upon thy *Dorcas.*

Wor. Nay, but thanks to Heaven, we have diſcover'd the Villany, and I'll inſtantly to my *Dorcas*, and give her that due Caution as ſhall blow up his whole Conſpiracy; and therefore mix a little Mercy with thy Juſtice.

Rov. No, I'll not carry on the Jeſt ſo cruelly as to undo the poor Dog neither; a little mortify him, but not ruin him.

Wor. I'll inſtantly then to my dear *Dorcas*, and make her our Confident in the Buſineſs: About an Hour hence I'll meet you at *Daniel's*, where we'll take a Sneaker of *Amy's* Punch; and afterwards ſpend our Evening with the Women: I'll ſend *Dorcas* to ſee *Belinda*, and there ſhall be the Rendezvouz. (*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Dorcas Zeal, *and* Arabella.

Ara. Why Siſter, do you ever think to ſecure *Worthy* to your ſelf, with that ſenſleſs Religion of yours? He'll certainly laugh at the Pleats and Folds of your Sarſnet Hood, and the diminutive Air of your flat Cap.

Dor. Why look thee, *Arabella*, my Religion and Dreſs may ſeem ſtrange unto thee, becauſe thou art of the Church belonging to the Wicked; but I tell unto thee, *Worthy* loveth me ſo much, that I have hopes of drawing him to be one of the Pure Ones. 'Tis true, thou art a facetious young Creature, and the Education my Aunt hath given thee, maketh thy Thoughts run much upon the Vanity of this World; and I ſuppoſe the Fortune my Father left thee, will be thrown into the Arms of one of the leud Pillars of thy Steeple-Houſe.

Ara. Look'ee, I'll have no Reflections upon Eſtabliſhments. Liberty of Conſcience gives you no Title to rail, I find you are reſolv'd to perſiſt in your whining Faith; 'tis one ſtubborn Article of your Cant: But I am well aſſur'd *Worthy* will force you to Church; if he don't, I'll part with my Maidenhead without a Husband.

Dor. And that thou art wild enough to do; but I pray thee none of this vain Raillery before *Worthy*, if thou haſt any expectation of my living in Siſterly Love and Charity with thee.

Ara. Oh, you ſhould have ſnuffled that thro the Noſe. In ſhort, I'll always teaze you; you that have Senſe and Beauty, thus to deform thoſe heavenly Graces, it makes me mad. If all the kind bewitching Airs, the tender Looks, and compaſſionate Words that Woman can invent, will draw *Worthy*'s Love from you, I'll uſe them, and triumph in my Conqueſt.

Dor. Poor vain Creature! thou art handſom, it's true; but thou haſt not the Virtues of the Mind to enſnare him with. But ſee he comes, forbear thy Follies, I ſay forbear.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. [*Embraces.*] This is a Reward for all my Labours, the Fatigues of an hundred Voyages are forgot whilſt I am in theſe Arms.

Dor. Be not vain, flatter not; 'tis baſe, 'tis mean, 'tis irreligious.

Wor. Dear Charmer, I am all Extaſy.

Ara.

Ara. So much of it, that, methinks, you have forgot your Friends, good Captain.

Wor. Pardon me, Madam, (*Salutes her*) ſome of my Extaſies are due to you; for the Love I have to this Lady, makes me admire all her Relations.

Ara. Ay, wheedle her out of what ſhe has; get her Mony, then uſe her like a Wife, turn her out of doors, and compound with her for a Maintenance.

Dor. Siſter, to ſhow thee that I think it impoſſible for thee to debauch the Principles of my Friend *Worthy*, I now commit my ſelf into his hands.

Wor. Which Bleſſing I receive with all the Joy imaginable: This is a Reward indeed for all my Services.

Dor. Take to thy ſelf my Hand, and thus I plight it with my Faith. Now, Siſter, your threatning Words were vain, for all your Looks and Sighs can never take him from me.

Ara. Ha, ha, ha; you ſee, *Worthy*, I have done the Work for you, reconciled even Contradiction it ſelf, made the Fleſh and the Spirit unite, and join'd an unſanctify'd Brother of the Wicked, to a ſanctify'd Siſter of the Godly Ones.

Dor. Fye, Siſter, do not triumph in my Weakneſs.

Ara. Thy Weakneſs! No, thy Shame; with all thy boaſted Sanctity, to own before my Face a carnal Inclination! Nay, and to put thy Hand to Pen and Paper to court him to thy Arms! Out on thee! I am aſham'd of thee.

Dor. Nay, now thou'rt ſcurrilous; I cannot bear this, thou raiſeſt all the Blood into my Cheeks. Stay thou, dear *Worthy*, and rebuke her for it, whilſt I retire a while to recover my Confuſion, and then I'll ſee thee again. (*Exit* Dor.

Wor. Fye, *Arabella*, could you have the heart to treat that innocent thing ſo roughly? Nay, by Heavens I'm amaz'd! I cannot gueſs the meaning of all this.

Ara. Fye, ſtupid *Worthy*, can't you apprehend the reaſon why I ſtudy to make a Breach betwixt my Siſter and your ſelf?

Wor. 'Tis all a Myſtery to me!

Ara. Spare a Virgin's Bluſhes, and let your Apprehenſion tell you what my trembling Tongue is loth to utter.

Wor. Fine Heroicks truly! I'm too well acquainted with your manner of Bantering, to take notice of any thing you ſay; yet it would divert me, had not my charming Quaker's laſt dear Words rapt up my Soul to a Diviner Contemplation.

Ara. Muſt I then ſay I love, and be refus'd? conſider my Fortune's equal to my Siſter's; my Face and my Religion too, I think, may vye with hers.

Wor. Your Words are ſpoke with a ſound of Truth, and were I not engag'd by ten thouſand Oaths, I ſhould have Manlike Vanity enough to think what you ſay real.

Ara. The Inequality of the Match between you, ſoon abſolves you from ſuch empty Vows: I own I long have lov'd, and, before your laſt Voyage, intended to diſcover it to you, but you unexpectedly ſail'd. I ne'er believ'd you had a real Paſſion for my Siſter, her Religion and her Principles being ſo averſe to yours.

Wor. Madam, I know my own Unworthineſs too well to believe you are in earneſt; but were it ſo, my Honour tells me I muſt not be ſo baſe as to wrong your Siſter. The Reſolution ſhe has made will ſoon be void when I tell her your romantick Story, which tho I don't believe, I'll ſtrive to make her do it. Pardon my Abſence, dear Madam, for I'm impatient until I undeceive her. (*Exit.*

Ara. And is my Youth, my Beauty, and my Fortune thus deſpis'd! By Heavens, I hate him now, and am reſolv'd to muſter up all the Spirit of my Sex to meditate Revenge: The Plots of Plays, and the Deſigns of injur'd Lovers I'll inſtantly peruſe, and make them all my own. (*Exit.*

Enter Dorcas, Worthy *following.*

Wor. By all my Honour and my Love 'tis true; nay more, ſhe lov'd, and ſaid ſhe had done long.

Dor. Nay, then I am convinc'd her Falſhood's great; I ne'er expreſs'd a Satisfaction for thee, but ſtill ſhe ſtrove

to

to cool my Friendſhip by ſtrange Stories of thy Inconſtancy and Unfaithfulneſs, which I muſt own I ne'er believ'd.

Wor. Kind Creature! ſince by envious ways ſhe ſtrives to break the Cord of our united Hearts, let us inſtantly put it out of her's and Fortune's Power.

Dor. To morrow then I will be thine, according to the fooliſh Cuſtom of thy Church, the Prieſt ſhall join our Hands.

Wor. Then I am compleatly bleſs'd!——Now I muſt tell you I have diſcover'd a moſt villanous Deſign againſt your Perſon.

Dor. As how!

Wor. This Day you were to have been ſtolen by a nauſeous Coxcomb of the Navy; 'twas luckily diſcover'd by *Rovewell* and my ſelf, who hope to counterplot their Deſign ſo far as to puniſh the vain Fop's Intentions: If you meet us about two hours hence at *Belinda*'s, you then ſhall know the whole Story.

Dor. I had thoughts of ſpending this Evening with her; I'll to her inſtantly, for ſhe is ſo much my Friend, that ſhe will be overjoy'd thou art arriv'd: but I think I will not mention the Vileneſs of my Siſter, leſt ſhe becometh a Laughing-Stock unto the whole Town.

Wor. Do as you think fit in that: Adieu, my Soul.

Dor. Fare thee well. (*Exeunt Ambo.*

Enter Flip's *Coxen, to him a Sailor.*

Sail. Oh Coxen, have I found you! Yonder's the Commadore ſwearing and ſtorming as if the Ship had ſtruck on a Rock; there's all the Boat's Crew with him, excepting your ſelf; he ſets with as good a Bucket of Flip before him, as e'er was toſs'd up betwixt the Stem and Stern of a Ship.

Cox. A pox of his Kindneſs, I'd rather be in an Engagement for twenty four Hours, than meſs with him to night; I know his way well enough, he makes us half-Seas over, and then we grow ſaucy; then after ſhipping in two or three Ladles full more, we fancy we're all before

the Maſt, and ſo ſhall go together by the Ears: for which, as ſoon as we come on Board, there's Whips, Pickles, Guns, Gears, and Bilboes for us all.

Sail. Pſhaw, pſhaw, who would not ſtand all this, to have their upper and lower Teer well ſtow'd with Flip? Beſides, we ſhall each of us have a Whore at his Charge.

Cox. Ay, and ſo be clap'd: If he wou'd force the Surgeon to cure us at the Government's Charge, it wou'd be a mighty Encouragement to us; but our Rogue of a Loblolly Doctor, being not ſatisfy'd with his Two-Pences, muſt have a Note for two Months Pay for every Cure; and the laſt time the Ship was paid, between the Officers and the Sailors, he ſwept above half the Ship's Company's Mony into his own Hat.

Sail. That's a Grievance truly; but come prithee go, for an the Commadore gets into his Tantrum Humours, there's no coming within a Cable's length of him.

Cox. Ay, that's true, therefore bear a hand. (*Ex. running.*

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

Enter Sir Charles Pleaſant, *Lieutenant* Cribidge, *and Lieutenant* Eaſy.

Plea. WHY, by your report old *Flip* makes your Life a very uneaſy one: thank Heaven my Captain has another way of Management; with the affable, eaſy and genteel Air he gains Applauſe from all.

Eaſy.

Eaſy. I know he's a Gentleman, by being civil to our Corp; 'tis only the Brutes of the Navy that we Marine Officers diſagree with.

Crib. Why I believe I ſhall frighten the old Pimp into ſome Civility; for that day we came to anchor, he had ſome Friends aboard: In the height of their Mirth, I was call'd into the Cabin; the Negro fills a Glaſs, and hands it over his Shoulder, with a Here Lieutenant, will you drink? I made as if I would take it, but overſet it in his Collar, laid the Fault upon him, and pretending to be wet my ſelf, went out of the Cabin in a Paſſion.

Eaſy. Pho, theſe are ſmall Faults, and natural to you Subs of the Navy; but the old Dog had the Impudence to confine me three Months to my Cabin, only for knocking down a Boatſwain's Mate that had ſtruck one of my Marines; nay, if it had not been for Captain *Worthy*, would have broke me at a Court-Martial. If the Colonels of our Corp don't hinder this raſcally Impoſition upon us, no body will buy Commiſſions of them.

Plea. That is a new Trick put upon you Gentlemen, and I fear will breed ill Blood amongſt us.

Eaſy. Hang it, we agree well enough with all the young Fellows, 'tis the old Sots that hate we ſhould come aboard them.

Crib. We agree well enough upon an equal Par; but moſt of you ſtay aſhore till all the Mony's gone, and then you come aboard, and expect to meſs with us: Who muſt find freſh Proviſions for you?

Pleaſ. We often ſlight them for their Poverty indeed; but hang it, what a ſtrange want of Mercury do we young Fellows ſhew, to have been a ten Months Voyage, ſafely return'd, and landed two hours, without having been among the Females! There's many a Lad in the Navy gets a Clap before the Ship's moor'd.

Eaſy. I believe my Friend *Cribidge* is in a better Condition to give, than to receive one.

Crib. I cou'd wiſh a Punk of my noble Captain's was well pepper'd with it, I would fain ſee the old Dog ſnuffle once.

Plea-

Plea. The Deſign's good, but firſt let's have a Sneaker of Punch.

Eaſy. With all my heart; I'll juſt go and draw a Bill upon our Agent, get ſome Neceſſaries for the Men, cheat my Captain a little in the Sum total, and wait upon you immediately. (Indent *croſſes the Stage*, Exit.

Crib. See, yonder's *Indent* our Purſer gone to *Daniel's*, he'll be glad to be of our Company.

Plea. A very honeſt Fellow, and keeps a much better Character in the Navy, than People of his Imploy generally do.

Crib. Why the Fellow has liv'd well; he was bred a Mercer in *Covent-Garden*, was ruin'd by a Whore of his own, and a Bully of his Wife's; but manag'd his Matters ſo well, he clear'd himſelf of a Goal by a Commiſſion of Bankrupt, without forſwearing himſelf, which is the only Precedent of that nature ſince the Act was made.

Pleaſ. They ſay his Wife's handſom.

Crib. She was, when but Eighteen; but Whoring, and the Misfortunes which commonly follow that, has made her look ſomewhat hagged, tho but Three and Twenty.

Pleaſ. If the young Wenches of Fifteen did but conſider, that the Vices of the Age ruin their Beauties more than the Small Pox, their Pride would make them virtuous in ſpite of their Inclinations.

Crib. Why, as you ſay, Sir *Charles*, a vertuous Woman keeps her Complection tolerably well till Five and Twenty, when a Whore is fain to borrow one of Mr. *White* and *Red* before ſhe comes of Age.

Pleaſ. By the Senſe that you and I have of the Vanities of the World, it looks as if we had a mind to quit our Royal Miſtreſs, and enter aboard ſome Merchant-Man for a Matrimonial Voyage.

Crib. Why, if ſhe's richly laden, I could be content to go chief Mate.

Pleaſ. And I ſuppoſe mutiny, as *Avery* did; turn your Captain aſhore, then ſet up for a Pirate; and like *Drawcanſir* in the *Rehearſal*, kill both Friends and Foes.

Crib.

Crib. A pretty Simile for Matrimony and Whoring.

Pleaſ. If we chime into Harmony ſo well already, we may expect a Bowl of *Daniel's* Punch will make us talk like the Muſick of the Spheres.

Crib. Why methinks there's a Tune in every Go-down from a Punch-Bowl.

Pleaſ. I wonder our Coxcombly Poets don't write ſome fine Encomiums upon that heavenly Compound.

Crib. Why the Fellows are damnably poor, and not having Mony enough to buy Victuals, drink the Lees of Sack to take away their Stomachs, which raiſes their Fancies no higher than a Lady's Fan, her Busk, or her Lap-Dog.

Pleaſ. Faith the Poets of this Age are not ſo poor as thoſe of the laſt, they have Wit enough to write themſelves into good places.

Crib. That is by wheedling a ſort of People who love Flattery better than Wit.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, Lieutenant *Eaſy* and Purſer *Indent* would be glad to kiſs your Hands at our Houſe.

Pleaſ. A polite Meſſage: Tell them we'll do our ſelves the Honour immediately.

Draw. I ſhall, Sir. (*Exit.*

Pleaſ. Come *Cribidge.*

Let's drink away our diſmal Storms and Cares,
Thoſe ſlaviſh Hardſhips that a Sailor bears:
Whilſt proud Britannia *may ſecurely boaſt,*
She ſafely ſleeps whilſt we ſecure her Coaſt. Ex. Ambo.

Enter Rovewel, *meeting* Worthy.

Rov. So, dear *Worthy*, once more well met; have you acquainted your little Quaker with our Deſign?

Wor. Part of it.

Rov. As how?

Wor.

Wor. I'll tell you at *Daniel's*: But have you engag'd *Jenny?*

Rov. Oh, as you could wiſh; the Jade is as overjoy'd, as a Dean at the Death of a Biſhop: and to make our Story good, I have invited *Mizen* to the *India-Arms*, where I have order'd her to write to him. Will *Dorcas* meet us at *Belinda's*?

Wor. She will.

Rov. Come on then. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *The Bar at* Daniel's, *Drawers,* &c. *Bar-Maid.*

Enter Sir Charles Pleaſant *and* Cribidge.

Pleaſ. What does my pretty Bar-Maid keep her Beauty ſtill? I know thou'rt vertuous, becauſe the Blue of the Plumb is not wore off yet.

Bar. Thanks to my own Honeſty if I am ſo then, for here's rakiſh Lieutenants enough come here to debauch all the young Virgins in the Country, if they had but Mony; but the Government keeps them poor, or we ſhould have a wretched Life with them.

Crib. Then nothing but Mony is able to debauch you; prithee how great a Sum will fit you to Leudneſs?

Bar. Not your eighteen Months Pay added to the pinch of your Hat, and dangling of your Cane.

Plea. Well ſaid *Nanny*, kiſs me, and tell him you are Meat for his Maſters.

Bar. Pſhaw, I wonder at you (*kiſſes her*) you are all alike for that.

Crib. Fye, Sir *Charles*, why did you kiſs her? you ſee ſhe likes it not; come, my Dear, I'll take it off again. (*kiſſes her.*

Bar. Oh intolerable! I'll ne'er complain of a Fool again, for fear of being plagu'd with a worſe; ſhow a Room there.

Draw. Sir, if you pleaſe, Purſer *Indent* is this way.

(*They follow, Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Mizen.

Miz. Thou divine pretty Bud of Beauty, one always finds you in your Cabin, chalking upon your Log-board there.

Bar. If every body would but mind their own Buſineſs, I might ſit ſtill here; but we have ſo many horſing Monſters of the Navy uſe our Houſe, that one had better be a Punk amongſt Footmen, and ply in the Upper-Gallery, than be plagued with them.

Miz. Well, you ſhall ſee in a few Months, how the Navy will be reform'd; all the Sea-Officers will be ſo full of Manners, that they ſhall look like a parcel of Beaus in a Side-Box, or a Chocolat-Houſe. (*A Noiſe within.*

Bar. Do but liſten, they are got to Horſe and Bear, the conſtant Diverſion of their Lives.

Miz. Indeed, I bluſh for them my dear Angel. (*Kiſſing her.*

Enter Rovewell *and* Worthy.

Wor. Ha! Brother Tar: what ſo cloſe, and in publick too! if you take this freedom in the Eye of the World, what would you do in private?

Bar. I don't know what he may do in private; but I hope you don't ſuſpect me, Captain?

Wor. Oh, not in the leaſt, dear *Nanny*; thy known Vertue and prudent Management is ſomewhat above the cenſure of the World.

Bar. Oh, your Servant, Sir.

Rov. 'Tis a ſtrange thing to ſee how Vice loves to be flatter'd! there's ſcarce a Punk in Town, be ſhe never ſo notorious, but would fain be thought vertuous; and hates to be call'd Whore, even from the Fellow that made her ſo.

Bar. I never expect your good word, Mr. *Rovewell*, I have deny'd you the Favour too often.

Rov. Why, I may have ask'd you the Queſtion when drunk; but aſſure your ſelf, I repented of it, when ſober.

Bar.

Bar. Lard, you need not be angry with your ſelf for it, I have deny'd ſeveral Admirals.

Rov. And at the ſame time have taken up with their Coxens.

Bar. Sir, you grow ſcurrilous.——Show a Room there.

Wor. Mind him not, he's a ſplenetick Fellow; has my Lieutenant, Sir *Charles Pleaſant*, been here?

Bar. He's now in the Houſe with Lieutenant *Cribidge*, *Eaſy*, and Purſer *Indent*.

Wor. Come, we'll join Companies, they're all honeſt Fellows.

Mix. With all my heart; if they're brutiſh, I'll try to reform them.

Draw. This way Gentlemen. (*Exeunt omnes.*

2 *Draw.* A Sneaker of Punch in the *Crown*, ſcore.

3 *Draw.* A Can of ſmall Beer, a Quart of Brandy, and a Pound of Sugar in the Kitchin, ſcore.

4 *Draw.* A Box of Dice for the *Mermaid*.

1 *Draw.* Make the great Bowl full for the Gentlemen in the *Fleecer*.

Bar. So, it begins to work in each Room, and I muſt be plagued this whole Night. (*Scene ſhuts.*

Enter Belinda *and* Advocate.

Bel. I uſed to be troubled with the impertinent Viſits of *Rovewell* three or four times a day: Prithee *Advocate*, what's become of the Coxcomb?

Advoc. Oh! Madam, the *Virginia* Fleet's come in; and Captain *Worthy*, his old Acquaintance, is on ſhore. They are inſeparable Friends.

Bel. Why then I hate him: for if he won't ſacrifice his All to my Humour, I'll ne'er part with the freedom I enjoy, to be that dull inſipid thing a Wife, to pleaſe his Humour.

Advoc. Well, Madam, you play with him as a Cat plays with a Mouſe; you fret him and teaze him, till he'll get away from you at laſt.

Bel. Impertinent Creature! do you think I value the loſs of a Fellow? The Red, the Blue, and the white Flags die for me. *Advoc.*

Advoc. Ay, Madam, they are married Men; but have you a Gentleman, whoſe Senſe, whoſe Reputation, whoſe Courage is to be nam'd in a day, with that charming Man's, Mr. *Rovewell?*

Bel. How inſipidly the Fool talks! if a Fellow without a Noſe ſhou'd bribe thee as much as *Rovewell* has done, you would ſay as much in his behalf. Why ſhou'd we make ſuch unfaithful Creatures as our Chamber-Maids are, our Confidants!

Advoc. Why, Madam, there's no Poſts without Perquiſites: ſince you Ladies have found out the way of trucking your old Clothes for *China* (which was our due, time out of mind) I hope you'll pardon us for trucking your Hearts away for a much brittler Ware.

Bel. Ay *Advocate*, I ſhould like that brittle Ware, a Husband, well enough, if one cou'd but break him, or give him away, as one does *China.*

Advoc. Oh, Madam, 'tis eaſy to break his Heart; and if you don't do it effectually when e'er you marry, I'll be content to die a Chamber-Maid. But ſee, Madam, the *Fair-Quaker* is come to viſit you.

Enter Dorcas.

Dor. Friend *Belinda*, I am come reſolved to chat away the Evening with thee.

Bel. My pretty Saint, thou'rt welcome, I need not ask you how *Worthy* does, I ſee it in your Eyes; the demure Aſpect is vaniſh'd, and you begin to look like one of us.

Dor. Why, I am Fleſh and Blood as well as thou art; and did not my Spirit get the better of my Clay, I ſhould be vain as thou art.

Bel. Come, leave canting, and tell me where is my *Arabella?*

Dor. Why, I left her at home, not well; but may be ſhe may ſee us anon.—— Know, Friend *Belinda*, that I have at laſt got Faith enough to put my truſt in Man: *Worthy*, and I have plighted Troths.

Bel.

Bel. Why then, the Fleſh has got the better of the Spirit.

Dor. If thou wouldſt prove a Friend indeed, thou muſt give thy ſelf over unto *Rovewell.*

Bel. So becauſe you have done a fooliſh thing, I muſt keep you in countenance; no truly, I'll be confin'd to none of your Fellows.

Dor. Come, diſſemble not, you know the Man is aſſuredly thy own.

Bel. Why, is it not better to ſay the Fellow's mine, than I his?

Dor. For thee it may be better; but what thinkeſt thou the World will ſay?

Bel. Why, not worſe of me than I ſay of the World, But to keep thee no longer in ſuſpence, I won't make a Vow of Chaſtity, nor will I forſwear having the Fellow *Rovewell:* I don't know, but one time or another, when I am in a very maggotty Humour, I may marry the Creature. Come into my Cloſet, and I'll tell thee more of my Mind. (*Exeunt Ambo.*

Advoc. It is impoſſible to tell, whether this Miſtreſs of mine will ever have *Rovewell* or not; but ſince he pays me well, I'll teaze and wheedle in his behalf; and if he gets her, I hope he'll make her a modern Husband. Well, if I cou'd get a Lover upon the firſt popping of the Queſtion; to fly into his Arms, and ſo good-night Maidenhead. It ſhows a wonderful Folly in Mankind, to whine and ſnivel after theſe coy peeviſh things; bleſs me! if they knew the way into a Lady's Heart ſo well as I do, there wou'd be no Sighing and Ogling, no Preſents nor Serenading; no dying at a Lady's Feet: Let them take the ſhorteſt way with the Diſſenters, and the Buſineſs is done. [*The Bell rings.*] Coming, coming. (*Exit.*

Enter Jenny Private *and a* Sailor.

Jen. So, I think I am equipt like one of the Righteous; I am over-joy'd at the Intrigue, and ſhall be pleas'd to ſee my ſelf a real Captain's Lady; I am ſure I have been a ſham

one

one to many of them. Let me ſee, my Letter is penn'd in a true canting Form; my Name is *Dorcas Zeal*, and my Fortune ten Thouſand Pound. Well, if I do not act the Babe of Grace, the Formal Quaking Saint, with as much out-ſide Sanctity, as a new-enter'd Nun, or an old Mother Abbeſs, I'll be content to truſs up like *James Nailor*.—— Here, Sailor, carry this to Captain *Mizen*; then follow Captain *Worthy*'s Orders.

Sail. Ay Friend, I'll hand it to him, and then look out ſharp.

Jen. Now to the place of Rendezvouz.

And there, with Look demure, I'll paſs for Saint;
No ſuch fair Colour as Religious Paint. (Exit.

SCENE *draws and diſcovers* Rovewell, Worthy, Mizen, *Sir* Charles Pleaſant, Cribidge, Eaſy, *and Purſer* Indent.—— *A Bowl of Punch.*

Rov. Come, her Majeſty's Health in a Bumper, and may ſhe live for ever.

Wor. And may all her Subjects be as true to her as we are.

Miz. May they all take as much pains to put her Affairs, Civil and Military, into as good order as I do. May I be hoiſted over a Ship's ſide, with a Tackle hook'd to a running bowling, with the Knot under my left Ear, if I don't make her Navy one of the greateſt Navies in the Univerſe.

Pleaſ. Why, Sir, 'tis that already.

Miz. Ay, but Sir *Charles*, I don't mean a fighting Navy, for that's the leaſt part of our buſineſs: I am for a polite Navy:——That is, a Navy full of Senſe and good Manners; a Navy of proper, handſome, well-dreſt Fellows; that when it appears abroad, may be the Wonder of

of the World, for glittering, ſhining Coats, powder'd Whigs, Snuff-Boxes, and faſhionable Airs.

Eaſy. So then, Sir, you are for ſaluting away the Queen's Powder.

Crib. No, he's for turning the Gun-powder into Sweet-Powder, and the Iron-Balls into Waſh-Balls.

Miz. Well, Gentlemen, you'll have no Cauſe to complain at my deſign.

Rove. Why, if thou ſhouldſt offer this to an old Captain of the Navy, he'd bring thee to a Court-Martial, and break thee for being crazy.

Miz. Oh, Sir, before I laid my Deſign at the Parliament-Door, I'd get an Order from the Admiralty, to ſend all the Tar-Captains to the *Weſt-Indies.*

Eaſy. What then, Sir?

Miz. Why then, Sir, they would lay down their Commiſſions, and ſo the Navy would be rid of them.

Crib. That laſt Intention I like wonderfully; then we young Fellows might have hopes of jumping into fifty-Gun Ships.

Rove. But *Mizen,* I have been thinking, if the old Captains will not go to the *Weſt-Indies*; pray, who ſhall we get to go?

Miz. Why, theſe young Fellows.

Sir *Charles.* Ay, with all our hearts, Faith: But ſuppoſe the Lot ſhould fall upon your ſelf, Captain?

Miz. Oh, there's no fear of that, I know where to fix a Preſent to ſome body, that ſhall be nameleſs, to keep me off the Liſt.

Wor. Indeed, that is prudent Management; I know Men of the Party, who quit when they're nominated; but ſoon after, by the help of Friends and Merits, they get better Ships.

Miz. You may think it Friendſhip, if you pleaſe; but there's nothing done in this World without Mony.

Enter a Sailor.

Sail. Is Captain *Mizen* here?

Miz. I am he, Friend, what want you, Sir?

Sail. Why, here's a Ticket for you.

Miz. Ha! —— *Dorcas Zeal!* oh Extaſy! oh Tranſport! [*Reads*] *Friend, I am inform'd thou haſt a liking to my Perſon; my Neighbour hath inform'd me thou art a ſober good Man. I am now walking towards* Deal-Caſtle, *where, if thy Pretenſions are ſincere, we will conſult about the Matter thy Friend ſpoke to me of this day. I ſhould not be thus free with thee, had it not chanced, that paſſing by me at thy firſt Landing, I beheld thy comely Perſon, and liked it; and therefore uſe this plainneſs with thee, as becometh a Siſter of that Congregation that hateth Ceremonies. Be ſecret, for* Worthy *is thy Rival, but his Pretenſions will prove vain; for my Heart is thine.* Dorcas Zeal.

Miz. Oh, thou dear Creature! ——But huſh; no Tranſports before Arrival: Poor *Worthy*, how thy weak Foundation totters! How ſneakingly would the poor Mortal look, if he ſaw this Letter! Well, *Dorcas* has ſeen me, and I have ſhot her with a ſide Glance. What a refined Creature is a ſweet Beau, to a homely coarſe Tar; to carry off the Prize at one ſingle Attack, which that dull Rogue has been laying a whole Year's Siege to! But come, Gentlemen, about with the Glaſs. Here *Worthy*, here's thy Miſtreſs's Health.

Wor. I thank you, Sir.

Miz. Nay, don't think I drink to an unknown Fair; here's honeſt *Rovewell* has made me a ſmall piece of a Confidant in thy Amour. Well, old Boy, when the Conſummation-day comes with thy ſanctified Bride, I'll make one at throwing the profane Stocking —— and to her Health. (*Drinks.*

Rov. Here's a Dog! (*Aſide.*

Wor. Well, *Mizen*, to reſume thy Compliment, when that happy day does come, I'll beſpeak thee for a Brideman.

Miz.

Miz. Nay, that will be too great an Honour. But cry ye mercy Gentlemen, I have a ſmall Affair to diſpatch, I muſt be forced to borrow my ſelf from your Company; but upon my Honour, I'll return again in a very few Moments. (*Exit.*

Wor. Ha, ha, ha; the Rogue ſwallows the Bait as we cou'd wiſh.

Sir *Ch.* What ſome ridiculous intrigue on foot? Pray let us join with you in your Mirth.

Crib. Nothing diverts ſo much, as uſing a Coxcomb according to his Deſerts.

Eaſy. And ſo exquiſite a Coxcomb as this can't be uſed too ill.

Rov. Why, the Deſign is pretty ſevere; he is gone to marry *Jenny Private*, an old *quondam* Punk.

Ind. This will be a noble Revenge for his Impertinence: Oh, Lieutenant! would we could clap ſuch a Trick upon our Brute of a Commadore.

Rov. Ay, that may be done; I have juſt ſuch another blind Bargain for him too.

Wor. Come, to your good Succeſs: The marrying theſe two Coxcombs, may provoke them to hang themſelves; which will be a meritorious Service to the Navy.

Sir *Char.* Oh for a Vacancy, that dear Delight to us young Fellows: Ha *Cribidge?*

Crib. Ay, the two Ships would ſerve us nicely.

Eaſy. Then we ſhould have Commiſſions to wet.

Rov. So, the Bowl ſucks; empty is the Word.

Ind. Pray Gentlemen, give me leave to pay for this Bowl.

All. Oh, by no means, *Purſer.*

Ind. Pray Gentlemen, let it be ſo; come Captain *Worthy*, I may be your Purſer one time or another.

Wor. Why, if you ſhou'd, it won't be much to your Advantage: for I ne'er allow my Purſer to oppreſs the Men; nor will I keep a whole Ship's Crew miſerable, to make one Man rich.

Ind

Ind. Oh, Sir, I don't deſire that, Sir; but you are ſo fine a Gentleman, Sir, that you won't hinder me from theſe common Perquiſites, allow'd to all Purſers.

Sir *Charles.* The word Perquiſite, comprehends a great deal of Roguery; and under that Notion, the Government is ſufficiently cheated.

Ind. Ay, Sir, but all People have regard to the Methods of the Navy.

Wor. Why yes, Purſer, I own you may plead Cuſtom for abundance of Villanies committed in the Navy: but we have now got Men of Honour at the Helm, who will not ſuffer Rogues to go unpuniſh'd.

Crib. It has been the Method, to let a ſtinking Butt of Beer ſtand ſix days abroach; and when Complaint is made, the Captain (who ſhould do the Sailors Juſtice) puniſhes the complaining Raſcal for Mutiny.

Sir *Charles.* It has been the Method for Cooks, with Pitch-Forks ſharp, to ſqueeze the Fat from out the Meat, for fear the Greaſe ſhould riſe in poor Jack Sailor's Stomach.

Eaſy. It has been the Method, to waſte a Pound to Ounces Ten; which makes the Bread, the Butter, and the Cheeſe, a poor Allowance for thoſe hard working Men.

Rov. In ſhort, what with Cheſt-Mony, Hoſpitals, Slops, Two-Pences, Groats, and Mulcts, they're meer Galley-Slaves.

Sir *Charles.* The Captain uſes them like Dogs, which forces them to run away; the chequering Clerk puts on the *R.* and then the Purſer loads their Pay with Slops they never had, and ſo cheats the Queen and Subjects too.

Ind. Why, you may rail at theſe Proceedings; but when you ſtand the Captain and the Purſer too, you'll often wiſh to be indenting: half Mony, and half Stores, have tempted moſt of you.

Wor. Come, no more, ſince we have diſcovered you, I hope you'll let us pay our Clubs.

Ind. No, faith Gentlemen, I'll treat you for all this: you mighty Pretenders to Honour are not much unlike Whores, who rail at that which they moſt commonly practiſe.

Rov.

Rov. Come *Worthy*, we muſt away. Sir *Charles*, your Company is deſired too: we muſt ſpend this Evening at *Belinda's*. But ſtay, *Cribidge*, I muſt have one private Whiſper with thee by the way; *Revenge* is the word, and I muſt engage thee in the Plot.

Crib. Ay, moſt willingly, in ſuch a Cauſe.

Rov. If we ſucceed in this Farce, it will be a moſt noble Revenge.

For Brutes and Fools were only made for Sport;
Nothing is like a Coxcomb *to divert.*
They cure the Spleen, and make the Toils of Life
An eaſy Burden, and a pleaſing Strife.

(Exeunt omnes.

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

Enter Jenny Private.

Jen. SURE the Sailor has miſtook, and given my Lette to a wrong Perſon; my Heart goes pitt-a-patt for fear I ſhould not ſucceed. But ſee, he comes!

Enter Mizen.

Miz. So, that muſt be my *Quaker* by her ſanctified Air ——— Madam, Madam.

Jen. Would you ought with me, Friend?

Miz

Miz. Only to desire the favour of you, to give me leave to throw my Soul at your feet; my Name is *Mizen*, I came hither by appointment from your fair Hands. She is very beautiful! Board me else. (*Aside.*

Jen. If thy Sincerity is answerable to the Character my Friend hath given me of thee; I am content, according to his desire, to be thy Help-Meet.

Miz. Well, (*Aside.*) old *Scruple* is a prevailing Rogue, and deserves the fifty Guineas, poss. —Oh my Charmer! I have been long sighing, and wishing for this Opportunity, and hope you'll now give me leave to make the best of my time.

Jen. Will you change your vain Religion then? Will you stand fast to the Faith? In Perseverance, will you come over to the Congregation of the Upright? Will you put off these gaudy Clothes, those Vanity of Vanities?

Miz. Yea verily, I will put off my Gaudiness, I will strip my self to the Nakedness of the Spirit.

Jen. Why then thou hast overcomed me, and verily I will be thine in a few Months.

Miz. Oh, thou lovely Lamb, set not so terrible a time; the Spirit moveth me to make thee Flesh of my Flesh, and Bone of my Bone, before the Sun shineth again.

Jen. I have some Fears upon me, that thy eagerness to my Person, may proceed from a desire thou hast to my Mony.

Miz. Why, I say, thy Fears are uncharitable; for hadst thou nothing, nor that neither, my Zeal would be as much for thee as it is now.

Jen. Then I am satisfied; and accordingly there is my Hand.

Miz. Why, I am transported to the highest Extasies! Lookee, my Boat waiteth on the Beach for me: If thy Yawnings are as great as mine are to thee, thou wilt venture thy self upon the Deep along with me: I have on board my Ship, a Man call'd a *Chaplain*, which according to our Establishment, will link us together.

Turn me Keel upwards, if ever I carry'd on an Intrigue better in my Life. (*Aſide.*

Jen. Well, thou art a powerful Man; and I ſubmit my ſelf unto thee: But can help thee to one of thy Prieſts aſhore. Admirably well manag'd. (*Aſide.*

Mix. Come my Spirit, my Light, my Light of my Light, and ——humph,— let us go then. (*Exeunt, Hugging her.*

Enter Rovewell, Worthy, *and Sir* Charles Pleaſant.

Wor. So, off goes the Boat, and there's a Punk provided for.

Sir *Charles.* Merry be his Heart: This will put ſuch a Damp upon his Undertakings, that we ſhall be troubled no more with his nonſenſical Whimſeys, about reforming the Navy.

Rove. I wiſh all our old Friends were as well provided for as *Jenny.*

Wor. Why, faith ſo do I: For when I enter the ſacred Bonds, I'll give a Receit in full to Leudneſs, ſhake hands with Vice, and bid adieu to Immorality.

Rove. And I am reſolved to make the beſt of Huſbands.

Sir *Charles.* Theſe are pious Deſigns truly: I begin my ſelf to be out of Conceit with Wickedneſs; and could I but ſucceed in my Amour to *Arabella*, I ſhould willingly bid adieu to all the frail part of Mortality. But ſhe has uſed me ſo unmercifully, that I quite deſpair of Succeſs.

Wor. Prithee, Sir *Charles*, matters are not gone ſo far as to throw thee into deſperation.

Rove. Let me alone to make up the Match; Sir *Charles*, 'tis a pretty Play-thing in time of Peace, which if ſome care is not taken, theſe victorious Generals of ours will bring it to; and a Sea-Lieutenant with only Half a Crown a day, will never agree with your Quality.

Sir *Charles.* I am wholly at your Devotion.

Rove. Come on then, let's to *Belinda*'s, where we ſhall ſee her.

Wor.

Wor. I fear her late diſappointment will hinder her from appearing abroad this Evening; 'tis only *Belinda* has Intereſt enough to bring her. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Cribidge, Eaſy, *and* Jiltup.

Jilt. My dear Puppies, if you make me a Captain's Lady, my Husband ſhall hang himſelf, that there may be a Vacancy for one of you.

Crib. Why, you muſt make uſe of all your Cunning to draw him into the Nooſe; get him but to the word Parſon, and I, like his evil Genius, will appear to him: You won't be th eonly Jilt married to a Sea-Captain this day.

Jilt. How ſay you?

Eaſy. Why, Mrs. *Jenny Private*, through the Intrigues, Inſtigations, and Temptations of Beau *Mizen*, is gone on board his Ship, in order to be his lawful Spouſe.

Jilt. Ods my Life, my Couſin *Jenny!* If ſuch common Strumpets as ſhe meet with ſuch good Luck, what muſt a Woman of my known Virtue and modeſt Converſation expect?

Crib. Why, then you make degrees in Whoring?

Jilt. Oh ever: ſhe that is a Baſtard-bearing Whore, is the moſt Notorious; ſhe that lies with half the Town, and does it privately, is a prudent Whore; ſhe that gets Mony by it, is a mercenary Whore; ſhe that does it generouſly, and bare-fac'd, is a Whore of Honour.

Crib. Very nice Diſtinctions truly.

Eaſy. I wonder, ſince you are ſo numerous a Body of People, you don't get a Charter: It will raiſe a conſiderable Tax to the Government; they may as well tolerate you, as wink at great Mens keeping you.

Jilt. Why really, Settlements are very comfortable things; and our Gentry, how ſheaking ſoever they are to their Creditors, are moſt generous to our Faculty.

Crib. Come toſs us up a Bowl of the beſt, to enable us to go through with this great work. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Arabella *and Juſtice* Scruple.

Scrup. I am ſomewhat troubled your Siſter is gone abroad, becauſe I had a Buſineſs to impart to her, of very great Conſequence.

Ara. If you pleaſe to leave your Affairs to me, I'll acquaint her with them.

Scrup. Why, upon ſecond Thoughts, you might do my Buſineſs as well as ſhe.

Ara. Suppoſe it, Sir, what is't?

Scrup. Why, there is a Friend of mine, who is what the World calleth a fine Gentleman; he is endow'd with a plentiful Eſtate, and is a Captain of a ſixty-Gun Ship; has Intereſt enough to get a good Station, has ſpoke to me to recommend him to your Siſter. Now I have conſider'd, that you being of his Religion, may ſuit better with his Temper than your Siſter.

Ara. His Name, his Name, Sir?

Scrup. Why, People call him Captain *Mizen.*

Ara. Oh! I have heard of the finical Coxcomb; you have loſt your Labour with me, Sir, and therefore pray keep him for my Siſter.

Scrup. Verily, if her Siſter anſwereth me ſo, it's probable I may loſe my five hundred Guineas which the Captain has promiſed me, for making up the Match. I will in the Morning take her Faſting; which I believe to be the beſt time to try a Woman's Inclinations. (*Exit.*

Enter Arabella's *Maid.*

Ara. So, the old Raſcal's gone: Theſe Pſalm-ſinging Match-makers are worſe than your irreligious Bawds; for the latter only betray our Maiden-heads and our Reputations, when theſe religious Rogues are for betraying our Fortunes, our Freedoms, our Pleaſure, our every thing.

Maid. Ay, but, Madam, to be ſettled in the World is what we all aim it, and Marriage is honourable.

Ara.

Ara. So was Knighthood formerly; but now they both grow odious.——Have you wrote thoſe Letters I gave you to copy?

Maid. I have, Madam, and here they are.

Ara. You'll get ſome body to deliver this Packet to my Siſter, whilſt ſhe's at *Belinda's*?

Maid. Yes, Madam, I have a ſmall *Mercury* already prepar'd for it.

Ara. Well;——and this Letter, in which I have ſo well counterfeited my Brother's hand, that my Siſter will ne'er diſcover it.

Maid. But can you hope, Madam, by this Intrigue, to make Captain *Worthy* yours?

Ara. No, Fool; nor were he dying at my feet would I receive him. My Deſign is to make my Siſter hate him; nothing this World calls dear, can equal the Pleaſure of ſeeing him ill uſed by her.

Maid. I fear, Madam, it will be paſt your Skill to break the Lover's Knot that rivets them together.

Ara. Fear not, Girl, my Siſter's Zeal will ſoon overwhelm her carnal Paſſion; and our Story is ſo plauſible, ſhe can't but believe it.

Maid. I wiſh all may prove as you deſign it; I'm wholly diſpoſed to follow whatever your Commands are pleaſed to lay upon me.

Ara. Send the Letter to my Siſter by a Hand you dare truſt, and then come into my Chamber.

Maid. I'll inſtantly about it, Madam. (*Exeunt ambo.*

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* Flip, *Coxen, and ſix Sailors.*

Flip. Sirrah, don't you flinch your Ladle; he that will do that, will run down into the Hold in an Engagement, or ſay his Prayers in a Storm.

1 *Sailor.* Why, I'm married, Sir, and muſt lie with my Wife to-night, which I have not done this eighteen Months.

Flip. You Rogue, can't you get drunk firſt, and lie with her afterwards?

1 *Sailor,* Ay, Sir, but my ill quality is, when I get drunk, I beat my Wife immoderately, and kick her out of Doors; which I would not willingly do the firſt Night.

Flip. Oh! I'll ſave you the trouble of that, Hell-bird, you ſhall go on board to night, and ſhan't ſee your Wife theſe two Months.

1 *Sailor.* Oh! then, Sir, I'll be drunk with all my heart.

Flip. Come; Confuſion to all the Fops and Coxcombs of the Navy! when I am at the Helm, I'll root the Rogues from thence: as for you, Coxen, I'll make you Captain, and all the Boat's Crew ſhall be Lieutenants.

2 *Sailor.* Lookee, I'll be no Lieutenant; I'll be a Captain the firſt ſtroke.

Flip. Why, what pretenſiveneſs have you to it, Sirrah?

2 *Sailor.* My pretenſiveneſs to it is, Sir, that I was rated Able, when your Worſhip was Ordinary.

Flip. That's no Rule, Sirrah, for at that rate I ſhould be King of the Seas now; for I was a Midſhipman, when ſome that ſhall be nameleſs, were Swabbers of the Upper-Gun-Deck.

3 *Sailor.* And I could ſay my Compaſs, Reef, Hand, and Splice, when ne'er a Commiſſion-Officer in our Ship could tell Starboard from Larboard.

4 *Sailor.* I wonder your honourable Worſhip, being ſo notorious a Man with the Ambralty, don't get Captain of the *Sufferans.*

5 *Sailor.* And I likewiſe wonder your Worſhipful Honour don't get to be knighted.

6 *Sailor.* 'Tis a wonderful thing that, *Jack,* to have the Queen's Majeſty's Honour clap a Curlaſh upon a Man's Skull, and bid him riſe up Sir any-thing.

Flip. Lookee, Rogues, the Deſign is very good, and 'tis a gracious piece of Preferment; but it has puff'd up ſo many of our Sea-Coxcombs, that their Pride and Vanity will ruin the Credit of the Navy. But here's to you, Coxen. (*Drinks.*) Fill it up, Sirrah.

Coxen. I am amoſt drunk, an like your Honour; another Cup will make me clap the Ship on board to Windward.

Flip. Why, then, Sirrah, I'll clap you in the Bilboes to Leeward.

Coxen. So, now the Storm begins to riſe.

2 *Sailor.* To be free with your Right Reverend Worſhip's Honour and Glory, I muſt tell you, being you and I were afore the Maſt together, it would look as it were ſomething clever of your Honourableneſs to throw three things over-board.

Flip. Why, what are thoſe things, Sirrah?

2 *Sailor.* The Boatſwain, the Purſer, and the Bilboes.

All Sailors. Ay, over-board with them I'faith.

Flip. What! do you mutiny, ye Dogs? Don't you know there's a Court-Martial, and that I am Preſidentum?

Coxen. I was ſure theſe Rogues would bring themſelves into a Prime-in-Iron.

2 *Sailor.* Why, moſt worthy Captain, and my Meſsmate that was; lookee, we have no deſign of mutinying, but only by the way of telling our Grievances to your Grace's Honour, and ſo my Humbleneſs to you. (*Drinks.*

Flip. Well, well, to ſhew my natural Goodneſs to you all, give me your Reaſons for throwing over-board the Bilboes; I begin at the latter end of your Propoſitions, becauſe I intend to ask them all gradually: and ſo, Sirrah, here's to you. (*Drinks.*

3 *Sailor.* Thank your Monſterouſneſs; the Bilboes, an't like your Wonderfulneſs, is a great Stumbling-block in the way of a Sailor's Agility; to have our Heels land-lock'd when we have Sea-room enough, is worſe than to run aſhore where there's no Land.

All Sailors. Oh! worſe by half.

Flip. Come, no more of your nonſenſecalneſs; but get drunk as ſoon as you can.

Enter Indent.

Indent. Sir, a word with you. (*They go aſide.*

Coxen. Ah —— when the Captain and Purſer whiſpers, our Guts ought to grumble.

6 *Sailor.* Ay, Coxen, thoſe whiſperations are many an Ounce of Butter and Cheeſe out of our way.

3 *Sailor.* Ay! and a great deal of Beer too: But my Service to you, Meſs-mate.

Flip. Why, I deſign'd to go and ſee her this Evening. (*To* Indent.

Indent. As I paſs'd by the Door, ſhe told me ſhe was impatient to ſee you, for you was the handſomeſt Man in the Navy, and the beſt-natur'd Captain in the whole Fleet.

Flip. Why, I believe the Jade does love me, therefore you and I will go to Supper with her; but firſt I'll make all the Boat's Crew drunk, according to antient Cuſtom: Come, Rogues, clap the Bucket to your Mouths, and don't ſtand ſipping out of a Bowl that don't hold above a Pint.

Coxen. Well, if we muſt all be drunk, we muſt, and ſo down let it go. Here's to you——if every Man ſtows as much of it as I did in thoſe half dozen Gulps, I'll pawn my Call on't it won't come round again.

Flip. So, I am in ſtout Heart enough now to venture an Engagement with this Virgin Frigate; and ſo come along with me. (*Exeunt* Flip *and* Purſer.

6 *Sailor.* Well, now we have got rid of the rum Duke, being in a very merry Humour, let us put it to the Vote, whether we ſhall beat the Mayor and Corporation, and drown the Conſtable; or ſhall we raviſh all the Women we meet with, and unwindow the Houſes?

5 *Sailor.* Let us raviſh firſt.

3 *Sailor.* No, no, raviſh afterwards; for I have as much Courage before Raviſhment as any body; but afterwards I'm as cowardly as a *Dutchman* that has drunk no Brandy.

Coxen. Harkee my Lads, I'd have you to take care who you raviſh; for a great many Women in this Town don't love to be boarded by force, they will fight you Broad-ſide and Broadſide, and Yard-Arm and Yard-Arm, till they ſink you; and you may fire a great many Guns betwixt Wind and Water, before you make any one of them leaky. Beſides, I don't care to attack a Fireſhip of better Force than any Frigate in our Squadron; for if they once come to laſh you faſt to them, you are blow'd up in ſpite of the Ambralty. I will therefore lie down for an Hour or two; call me when the Captain's ready to go.

3 *Sailor.* Why do you think to be left out of the Plot? No, no, Mr. *Coxen*, you ſhall along with us, or elſe we'll raviſh you.

All Sailors. Ay, ay, force him along. (*They haul him.*

Coxen. Why, Rogues, an't I Captain of the Boat?

4 *Sailor.* If you were Captain of the Ship, we ſhould uſe you as we do now; for we have no diſpect of Perſons.

2 *Sailor.* Ay, or if he was Ambaral we ſhould make no difference; for all that there is between an Ambaral and a Sailor is, a ſtout Sailor will fire ten Guns to an Ambaral's one.

Coxen. Well, well, unhand me, if I muſt go I muſt; but I am very much miſtaken, if we're catch'd a doing Miſchief, by the Juſtices, if they don't clap us into the wooden Bilboes.

4 *Sailor.* Why, to get the better of that Prehenſion of yours, the firſt thing we'll go about ſhall be to pull the Stocks up by the Roots, launch them into the Sea, and let the *Goodwin*-Sand be the better for them.

All Sailors. Done, done, come away. (*Exeunt.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

Enter Rovewell, Worthy, *Sir* Charles Pleaſant, Belinda *and* Dorcas.

Rove. I Am ſorry *Arabella* comes not; 'tis a Diſappointment to Sir *Charles.*

Sir *Charles.* Methinks I do look a little aukward amongſt you billing Turtles; I am not a fit Companion for Lovers.

Bel. I can't imagine what you mean by Lovers: My Friend the Quaker here, has indeed ſhown a little fooliſh Fondneſs for Captain *Worthy*, but I hope you have ſuſpected no ſuch thing from any Action of mine.

Dor. Why, Friend *Belinda*, art thou not aſham'd to diſſemble ſo? I muſt tell thee my Conſcience will not let me do it; if thou doſt not ſhew a great deal of Kindneſs to *Rovewell* forthwith, I will diſcover what paſs'd in thy Cloſet between us juſt now.

Rove. Oh! tell me but that and I'll adore thee; give me but a Cauſe to laugh at her impertinent Weakneſs, and I ſhall be happy.

Bel. How dare you offer at this Inſolence! have you any Pretenſions to me, vain Fellow?

Rove. Yes, I have, vain Woman; if two Years conſtant Courtſhip, with an awful Reſpect and Adoration paid to you; if Oaths, if Vows, if Sighs and tender Expreſſions can give a Man Pretenſions, I can juſtly claim them.

Bel.

Belin. You might have put in your fooliſh Preſents too; your Baubles of *China*, your *Indian* Ombrella, your Hair-Ring, and your own Picture.

Rove. By Heavens! I'd give the World I could hate thee now: But, *Belinda*, there's ſomething ſo bewitching in your Form, that I ſtill muſt love you, though ne'er ſo ill uſed; like a Spaniel, I muſt fawn upon you.

Sir *Charles.* Now, Faith, *Belinda*, had I admir'd you an Age, nay, had I thought you an Angel, and been as much enamour'd of you as 'twas poſſible for a Coxcomb to be; I would, at this Uſage marry your Chamber-maid, that ſhe might take place of you; I'd ridicule you in all Companies, quarrel with, and cut the Throat of any body that pretended Courtſhip to you, and would make you die a Maid in ſpite of your Teeth.

Rove. Whilſt I, like a good-natur'd Fool, hug my Chains, and think of no Heaven but my *Belinda*.

Wor. For ſhame, proud Creature, let not your vain Folly get the better of your Senſe and Reaſon; take to your Arms the Man you love; come, I ſee good-nature in your Eyes: Thus I ſeize your Hand, and am reſolv'd to give it him who has your Heart.

Bel. Pſhaw, what Inſolence is this! do you think I am to be forced?

Dor. No, no, there can be no force in the caſe; thou art a Diſſembler.

Sir *Charles.* In ſhort, if ſhe refuſes, we'll ſwear a Contract and make a forced Marriage on't.

Bel. Had I not ſome Inclinations, your Force and Threats ſhould never do. Here, *Rovewell*, take my Hand; I hope for better Uſage from you than you have received from me.

Rove. Oh my *Belinda!* one pleaſing Look makes amends for all my Pains and Agonies.

Dor. Ay, now it is as it ſhould be.

Bel. I know, *Rovewell*, you'll forgive the Folly of my Sex, and put a favourable Conſtruction on what I've done.

Wor.

Wor. There, there, kiſs her Hand eagerly; turn up the Whites of your Eyes, and fetch your Breath very ſhort, and leave her to imagine what you ought to ſay. To morrow one Prieſt ſhall join both Couples: Now let us ſpend the Night in Mirth; by this time *Mizen* has link'd with our ſham Quaker. With your leave, *Belinda*, we'll invite them hither.

Rove. 'Tis ten to one but the Vanity of his imaginary Conqueſt will bring him without an Invitation.

Bel. Pray make my Houſe your own.

Wor. Pardon, my dear Creature, the freedom we have taken in uſing your Name; but this Coxcomb might have offered a Violence we ſhould have wiſhed undone.

Rove. Belinda, I'll take the freedom of ſending for our noble Commadore and his Lady too, who are by this time nooſed; we'll firſt dance, then raiſe them to the height of Mirth, and diſcover the Plot.

Sir *Charles.* It will be a moſt pleaſant Comedy.

Wor. Faith, I fear it will prove a Tragedy to poor *Mizen.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, this Packet was left for you by a Sailor. (*Gives it* Dorcas.

Dor. Ha! —— To Mrs. *Dorcas Zeal*, and one incloſed to *Worthy!* who can this be from! (*Reads.*

" I doubt not but you'll wonder at the Villanies of Man-
" kind, when I tell you that *Worthy*, whom you have
" thoughts of making your Husband, is already married
" to me. I have two Children by him: Give him the
" incloſed; if after reading on't he dares deny it, the next
" Poſt ſhall bring to his ſight his much injured

(Dorcas *ſwoons away.*) *Elizabeth Worthy.*

Wor. Oh Heavens, what ails my Charmer! ſhe's cold as Clay! run for ſome Water quick!

Bel. Surprizing! (*They all hold her.*

Dor. Oh falſe Man! oh cruel *Worthy!* (*She ſwoons again.*

Bel.

Bel. Bleſs me, ſhe faints again, and mutters ſomething about you!

Wor. I am amazed!

Rov. So, ſhe comes to her ſelf again. (*They ſet her in a Chair.*

Dor. Oh read theſe Lines, thou perjured Man!

Wor. (*Reads the Letter, and drops it again in a great Surprize.*

What's here, another, and directed to me too! (*Reads.*

"Tho you have been guilty of many Villanies, and "uſed me ill, I never thought you would have dared to "have married another Wife; but ſince I know you ſo "well, I'll appear at *Deal*, and tear your Idol Quaker's "Heart out. I am, your much injured

Elizabeth Worthy.

Sir *Charles*, feel me, have I Life, am I awake, or do I dream? A Dizzineſs overwhelms my Brain, and Darkneſs draws its ſable Curtains o'er my Eyes!

Rove. What a Plague means all this romantick Stuff! have we got the Method of poiſoning by Letter come into *England* at laſt!

Sir *Charles.* Faith, I am afraid to take the Letter up, for fear I ſhould be tranſmogrified.

Bel. This ſudden Change is moſt ſurprizing; help lead her to my Chamber, a little Sleep may bring her to her ſelf again.

Dor. Lead me to Death moſt willingly; Horror and Deſpair will end my days.

(*Exeunt* Dorcas, Belinda, *and Servants.*

Wor. Go, charming Fair; I can't blame thee for this great Concern. Death, Hell, and Devils! am I then at laſt become a Villain! a deſpicable Husband! a Betrayer of weak Virgins Hearts! ——Am I, from a Man of Honour, ſunk to a degenerate Slave! ——By Heaven, I'm raging mad! What ill-boding Spirit could owe me ſuch a ſpite, and croſs at once my full-blown Joys!

Rov. Worthy, is the Frolick to go round? are we to be all mad? or muſt only you and the Quaker carry on the Jeſt?

Wor.

War. Oh *Rovewell*, you have known me long, but never ſaw me in ſuch Agonies of Grief before: Read theſe, the Cauſe of all my Woes.

Rov. (*Takes up the Letter, reads, and Sir* Charles *over his Shoulder.*) " Guilty —Villanies — another Wife—at " *Deal*—Quaker's Heart out." *Elizabeth Worthy.*

An Intrigue well carried on I'faith. (*Reads the other Letter.*

" I doubt not———wonder —— of Men——*Worthy*
" ——your Husband ——two Children ——the incloſed
" ——next Poſt——to his ſight." *Elizabeth Worthy.*

Sir *Charles.* Why, this Lady of yours writes very prettily, Captain.

Rove. The Woman has a pretty Knack, faith; prithee, *Worthy*, are theſe two Children of yours Boys or Girls? ha! ha! ha!

Wor. Hell and Furies! am I become your Scorn? do you laugh at me?

Rove. Ay, faith, do we; can'ſt thou be concerned at the Stratagem of a Woman who loves thee? look once more upon the Scrawl, canſt thou not gueſs whoſe Hand it is?

Wor. Ha!——By this Light, it looks ſomewhat like *Arabella*'s! It muſt be hers. Fool that I was, not to perceive it before; 'twas cunningly performed I ſwear: I wonder my charming Quaker diſcover'd it not! I'll in, and undeceive her. (*Meets* Belinda.

Belin. Make no noiſe, ſhe's in a Slumber, which I hope will compoſe her.

Wor. Oh *Belinda!* this is a Trick of *Arabella*'s; behold, ſee here, the cunning penning of her envious Fingers.

Bel. I wiſh the worſt effects on't are paſt; for ſhe has vow'd never to ſee you more: I'll watch her Slumbers, and when ſhe wakes, I'll tell her the Story before her Fits return.——*Rovewell*, you may now ſee when once our Sex reſolve to love, 'tis dangerous to diſappoint us.

Rove. But 'tis hard, *Belinda*, that you ſhould ſo ſoon believe, that Men are falſe; ten thouſand Letters

ne'er

ne'er could make me alter the rooted Paſſion I have for you.

Bel. Oh! ſhould you be told I am married to a Man, who has had two Children by me; you'd fly back from Promiſes and Vows, and cry, Pox take her, ſhe's a Jilt.

Rove. So far from that, my Soul, that I'd ſtab the Inventor of ſuch a Story.

Bel. That would be very Heroick indeed; but come, let's comfort the poor Captain here, who looks more dejected than a diſcarded Miniſtry.

Sir *Charles.* Oh, worſe than that, Madam, he puts me in mind of an *Engliſh* Captain taken by a *French* Privateer.

Rove. 'Tis a diſmal thing to be firſt boarded, then ſtript, and afterwards clapt into a *French* Goal.

Bel. In ſhort, he looks as if he was married.

Sir *Charles.* Right, Madam, and his Countenance ſhews full of a Family-concern.

Wor. How can you blame my Surprize? —— Were you to ſee the fair *Belinda*, whom I know you love the beſt of any one on Earth; were you, I ſay, to ſee her in Tears and Agonies for ſomething you had done, nay, for ſomething you had not done; ſome villanous Imputation charg'd upon you, 'twould touch your Heart as much as mine.

Rove. Why, faith, I have ſo good an Opinion of *Belinda*, that I fancy ſhe would give her ſelf none of thoſe Airs, if ſhe heard I had twenty Children.

Bel. Nay, more than that, had you twenty Wives, I ſhould keep my Temper: Care ſhall be taken in drawing the Writings, ſo as I may not be the worſe for you in my Fortune; and if you will love a great many of my Sex, it's probable I ſhall find out a way of making Repriſals.

Sir *Charles.* What's all this to my Happineſs? how am I to come by my *Arabella?*

Bel. Why, ſhe's as eaſily come at as the reſt of her Sex.

Sir *Charles.* But, Madam, if ſhe doats on my Captain, how can I expect ſhe'll e'er ſmile on me?

Wor. Oh! her Love to me is vaniſh'd, if e'er ſhe had any; this Action of hers plainly ſhews her Malice.

Bel.

Bel. Come, I'll write her word what an heroick Paſſion ſhe has put *Worthy* into, and the fainting Condition poor *Dorcas* lies in; I'll praiſe her for the well-invented Stratagem, and then let her know Sir *Charles* is here.

Sir *Charles.* Why, Madam, do you think that will bring her?

Bel. Sir *Charles*, I have heard her ſay abundance of handſome things of you; I know ſhe likes the word Quality much, and would not care, if on any Terms ſhe could be called her Ladyſhip; for ſhe is pleaſed with taking place: that, you muſt know, is the darling Vanity of our Sex.

Rove. You may ſet your Heart at reſt; you have a fairer proſpect of marrying *Arabella*, than poor *Worthy* has for marrying her Siſter.

Bel. Come, teaze him no more: I'll ſteal up to her, and convince her of the Error ſhe's in. Go into the Parlour, there's Cards. (*Exit.*

Rove. Come, what think you of *Ombre*, or a Pool at *Picquet*?

Wor. I can do nothing with pleaſure till I know how I am to be received by my dear Charmer.

Sir *Charles.* Come, pray divert theſe melancholy Whimſeys.

Rov. Why, if you don't go to Cards, Sir *Charles* and I ſhall be very ſatirical upon you.

Wor. Nay, rather than you ſhould play that Game with me, I'll go to Cards. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Flip (*drunk*) Indent, *and* Jiltup.

Jiltup. This was kind indeed, my dear Dog, to make me the firſt Viſits, when ſo many Ladies in Town die for you.

Flip. Why, you little Huſſey you, I think all the Women in Town look like Swabs to you.

Indent. Indeed, Madam, the Commadore does often launch out in your Praiſes.

Flip.

Flip. Ay, and Commendations too: Why, I love you ſo well, that I could be your Conſort and your Meſs-Mate for ever. When I die, 'tis all your own, my Houſes, my Land, my part in Ships, and my every thing elſe come to you by Will and Deed.

Jiltup. Poor good-natur'd thing, how is it poſſible for me to return thy Kindneſſes? I have no Land but my own Body; take that into thy Cuſtody, and make the moſt on't.

Enter Cribidge *in a Prieſt's Habit.*

Flip. What have we here? a Prieſt!

Jiltup. Oh dear Couſin *Homily*, I'm glad to ſee you.

Flip. Is this your Couſin, my Dear? you're welcome, as I may ſay.

Crib. Sir, I thank you: Couſin, I'm glad to ſee you; I come to ſtay with you ſome time, your Doctor being gone to make Intereſt for a Biſhoptick, I am to officiate for him until his return.

Indent. Rarely acted I'faith, he looks much modeſter than moſt of our Sea-Chaplains.

Crib. Well, Couſin, may I joy you? have you enter'd into the holy State of Matrimony yet?

Jiltup. No, Couſin, I am willing to ſee a little more of the World firſt.

Crib. A Pariſhioner of mine, that has ſeen you, ſeems to have a great mind to make you his Wife: He has a plentiful Eſtate, with a fine Houſe in a pleaſant part of *Kent*; he is of a very good Family, and is a perſonable handſom Man.

Flip. Harkee, Sir, none of your Match-making Stories here: This Lady is diſpos'd on, and her Inclinations are moor'd to my Affections; and he that claps her aboard, muſt expect to be rak'd fore and aft with my Patridge double and round.

Crib. Sir, I beg your Pardon, if you are the Lady's Husband, I have done, Sir.

Flip.

Flip. Lookee, Sir, I am not at preſent the Lady's Husband; but if you underſtand that part of your Trade, and will ſplice us together, I have a couple of Guineas at your Service.

Crib. Sir, if all Parties are conſenting, I ſhall not be a great while performing that Ceremony.

Flip. Why all Parties are conſented, Reverendiſhimo.

Crib. Sir, if I have that from the Lady's Mouth, and you can get her a Father to give her away, I ſhall proceed.

Flip. Oh, as to a Father, here's the Purſer ſhall ſtand that part of the Story; tell him, my Dear, how you love and adore me.

Filtup. I muſt ſay, I have an unalterable Affection for the Commadore; but if I ſhould marry him, and he ſhould not love me after it, I ſhould be the miſerableſt Creature Nature ever form'd.

Flip. Not love you, my Dear, why I'll ſtick as cloſe to you as carv'd Work to a Ship's Stern; nothing ſhall be done by me without thy Conſent; you ſhall have the working of my Veſſel, and ſtand at the Helm in all Weathers.

Indent. Well, Madam, ſince I am choſe for your Father, give me leave to know what's beſt for you; I'll engage the Commadore proves the tendereſt Husband in the Navy.

Crib. Truly the Gentleman hath the Aſpect of a Man of Parts.

Flip. Reverendiſhimo, I thank you for your good Opinion of my Outelects; and if you'll give your ſelf the trouble of coming on board my Ship, you ſhall have your Skull and Guts fill'd ſo full of Brandy and Salt-Beef, and your Ears ſo alarm'd with Drums, Trumpets, Huzzas and Guns, that you'll be as drunk in half an hour, as you were at the wetting your Commiſſion.

Crib. Sir, People of my Cloth never launch out beyond the Rules of Modeſty.

Flip.

Flip. I can't ſay any thing to you Shore-Folks; but I am certain our Sea-Chaplains (generally ſpeaking) are drunk as often as our Sea-Captains.

Crib. The more's the pity, that Religion ſhould be ſo abuſed by ſuch Profligates.

Indent. Why, indeed, the Sailors are apt enough to be wicked of themſelves, and ſuch Examples from their Guides may be one great reaſon of ſo much Immorality in the Navy.

Flip. Come, my Dear, let the Doctor do his Office, and belay our Affair.

Jiltup. Well, you have overcome me.

Flip. So, very well; then begin, Mr. *Homily*.

Jiltup. Oh, no, we ſhall be diſturb'd here, the next Room is more private.

Flip. March away then, I am all over Storeſhip and Tranſport with thy dear Perſon; come, I'll give you a Tow, you are my Prize now.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

Enter Arabella, *dreſs'd like a Quaker in Mens Clothes.*

Ara. SO my Plot ſucceeds as I could wiſh, *Belinda*'s Letter tells me all. Now muſt I take care to give my Saint-like Siſter theſe Credentials when ſhe wakes. I think I look as like one of the pious Brethren, as if I had been educated by *George Fox*. (*Knocks.*

Enter

Enter Advocate.

Is *Dorcas Zeal* within this Dwelling-Place?

Adv. Yes, ſhe is.

Ara. Wilt thou go and tell unto her, that I would ſpeak with her inſtaneouſly?

Adv. If you'll walk in, I'll let my Miſtreſs know your Meſſage; but the Lady is aſleep.

Ara. Go, I'll follow thee. (*Exeunt.*

Enter again in the Parlour.

Adv. Sit down, while I acquaint my Lady. (*Exit.*

Ara. Now for a diſguiſing Look, that ſhe may not know me.

Enter Belinda.

Belin. My Servant tells me you would ſpeak with *Dorcas Zeal.*

Ara. Yea, verily, he hath told thee the Truth.

Belin. She is laid down and indiſpos'd, I am loth to diſturb her.

Ara. Verily, I could wiſh thou could'ſt diſpenſe with giving her ſome ſmall Diſturbance, my Buſineſs is very urgent; for behold my Errand is from her Brother, and concerneth her much, and we muſt be in private.

Belin. Then follow me.

Ara. So I will. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* Dorcas *on a Couch.*

Dor. How dreadful are the Dreams of Souls diſturb'd! Why was I ſo void of Grace to truſt to ſuch a Monſter!

Belin. How does my Dear? I fear'd we ſhould have diſturb'd your Reſt; but this young Man being very urgent to ſpeak with you, I ventur'd to bring him up.

Dor.

Dorc. I am much better; but ſtill troubled in Mind.

Belin. Oh, as ſoon as you have diſpatch'd your Buſineſs, I'll ſet your Mind to rights I'll warrant you. (*Exit.*

Ara. May be not———— (*Aſide.*
Friend, thy Brother did ſend this unto thee; when thou haſt overlook'd the Contents thereof, thou wilt know my Buſineſs here.

Dorc. May be it contains ſomething of that Traitor *Worthy.* ———— (*Reads.*

Beloved Siſter,

THE Bearer hereof, being the Son of Ananias, *who was an upright Member of the Cauſe, I recommend unto thee for a Help-Meet. He hath Two Thouſand Pounds a Year, and ſtiffly adherent to our Ways of going; and I ſend him to thee in good Seaſon, that thou may'ſt be deliver'd from the wicked Deſigns of the ſeducing married Man* Worthy.

Thine, in Truth and Sincerity,

Shadrach Zeal.

Dorc. A comely Youth, well worthy my good liking. Beſides, how bleſt an occaſion offereth to be reveng'd of an ungrateful Man! (*Aſide.*) Art thou, young Man, the Subject of this Paper?

Ara. Yea, lovely Maiden, I am the choſen Man, ſelected by thy Friend and thy good Brother to greet with thee a holy Kiſs, and tell thee I love thee, fair one.

Dorc. Love me at firſt ſight!———Have a care thou talk not in the Language of the World, and play the Deceiver; if thou doſt, aſſure thy ſelf I ſhall rebuke thee for it.

Ara. I have ſeen thee often before verily.

Dor. Where did'ſt thou ſee me?

Ara. In the great *London* City.

Dor.

Dor. When there ſaw'ſt thou me?

Ara. At the laſt general Aſſembly of the Faithful, met at that Seaſon, worldly Men call *Whitſuntide.*

Dor. Yea truly, our good Brother *Shadrach* carry'd me up to that noiſy Town of Pride and Vanity, to greet our Brethren Friends at that laſt Meeting. But if thou ſaw'ſt me there, how chanceth it, that in ſo long a Silence, thou haſt ſtifled up the Breathings of thy Heart, from the fifth Month even to the Ninth?

Ara. Oh! *Dorcas, Dorcas,* ——ah——I ſaw and lov'd thee, but alas, I check'd the moving Spirit within. With my green Years, methought I was too young to lead a Siſter.

Dor. Too young! oh fy! was that the Fault! the younger the ſporting Lambs, they play more harmleſly: Verily, the outward Man thou beareſt, lookeſt with an honeſt Face.

Ara. My inward Man bears the ſame honeſt Face too. (*Kiſſes* Dorcas's *Hand*) deny me not thine Hand.

Dor. Some ſuch like Agonies as theſe, I felt from the firſt Touches of the falſe *Worthy.*

Ara. Falſe indeed!——He is one of the Profane, Alien to our purer Flock; and who can tell, were he thy choſen Yoke-mate, but he'd force thee to one of his own Steeple-Houſes; nay, and perhaps lead thee in vain high Toppings, to a carnal Seat in one of the ſad Play-Houſes?

Dor. (*Sighs*) Ah!——

Ara. But I am, thou know'ſt, a Lamb of thy own Fold; me thou may'ſt mould to what thy own Heart liketh: Then let us not, like the vain babbling worldly ones, thus loſe the precious time in fooliſh Courtſhip; but let me forthwith wriggle my ſelf into thy inward Affections.

Dor. Yea, I do take thee, and like a Back-ſlider, who repenteth, I will, with pure Zeal and Fervency, turn unto thee.

Enter

Enter Worthy, Rovewell, *Sir* Charles *and* Belinda.

Wor. Oh, my dear Creature, do I hold thee fast!

Ara. Friend, haſt thou any Pretenſions to this Woman, who is the Wife of my Boſom?

Dor. Stand off, vile Man; thou with thy flattering Tongue hadſt almoſt betrayed me; but now I defy thee. Go to thy Wife and Children.

Wor. Furies and Fire, I ſhall run diſtracted.

Ara. Friend, ſwear not at all.

Wor. What canting Coxcomb's this, that dares uſurp my Right?

Ara. Thou may'ſt bluſter as much as thou pleaſeſt; but I tell unto thee, this Woman is Bone of my Bone, and Fleſh of my Fleſh.

Dor. Thou haſt ſaid the Truth, and nothing but the Truth; I ſay again and again, be gone to thy own Wife.

Ara. Ay, go unto thy Wife.

Wor. Rovewell, Sir *Charles*, *Belinda*, muſt I bear all this? Let me but keep my Senſes!

Bel. I am ſurpris'd as you!

Rove. Behold, the Letters you receiv'd were written by *Arabella*: ſee here, her very Hand.

Ara. Friend, liſten not to them, they are Deceivers; let us depart from amongſt them.

Sir *Charles.* Lookyee, young Fellow, none of your impertinent Cant here: This Lady ſhall not ſtir till we have undeceived her.

Rove. And when we have done that, good Sir, you may troop to the *Bull* and *Mouth* again, without this She-Friend's Mony.

Dor. What Power haſt thou to hinder our departing hence?

Ara. Ay Friend, tell us that.

Rove. How can you be ſo cruel to a Man, whoſe Life's ſole Happineſs is plac'd in you?

Dor. How can I be cruel enough to one, who would for ever have made me miſerable?

Wor.

Wor. Oh! wou'd you but hear me juſtify my ſelf, I ſoon would anſwer all this villanous Forgery, and clear my wounded Innocence and Honour.

Ara. Friend, hear him not, he hath a vile deluding Tongue.

Sir *Charles*, Harkyee, young Fellow, I have ſomething to tell you.

Ara. Friend, I have nothing to ſay to thee; therefore touch me not, I ſay.

Dor. Pray uſe no Rudeneſs, but let us be gone quietly.

Sir *Charles.* No ſtruggling, good ſweet diminutive Coxcomb; if thou doſt, I ſhall uſe the carnal Weapon upon thee.

Ara. Be gone Fellow. (*In ſtruggling, her Hat and Wig fall off.*)

Bel. How! *Arabella!* ——Then the Plot's diſcover'd!

Dor. (*Shrieks*) How's this! ——My holy Brother in the Spirit, turn'd to an arrant Siſter in the Fleſh!

Wor. Ha! ——my old Friend, this was a well-acted Tragi-comedy.

Dor. I am in ſo much Confuſion and Surprize, I know not what to ſay.

Ara. Now, Sir, I ſuppoſe you'll let me go; I have no more Buſineſs here.

Sir *Charles.* This Diſcovery will make me hold you faſter than before.

Rove. Ay, Madam, there's no retreating now; we'll be even with you for all your Uſage.

Dor. Friend *Worthy*, canſt thou forgive me, and once more take my Hand?

Wor. Can I live? Not without thee, I'm ſure! Oh had you but once o'er-looked theſe Lines, how had you ſav'd me all this wild Diſtraction.

Sir *Charles.* Look'ee, Madam, no ſtrugling, you are now my Priſoner; I ſhall not releaſe you, but upon very advantageous Terms to my ſelf.

Bel. Thoſe Terms, Sir *Charles*, let me have leave to make. I know the Gentlewoman's Mind ſo well, that I dare give you her Hand.

Ara.

Ara. Upon what account, *Belinda?*

Bel. Why, upon the account of being my Lady *Pleaſant.* Prithee don't put on a diſſembling Look; conſent forthwith, or you ſhall die a Maid. But firſt I'll reconcile you to this Couple.

Dor. I forgive thee, Siſter, what Exceſs of Paſſion moved thee to; but if thou valueſt me, accept of the Man *Pleaſant* for thy Husband.

Ara. I am a little confounded; let me retire till I have recover'd my ſelf, I'll wait on you again. (*Is going.*

Dor. Stay, Siſter Husband, that wouldſt have been; one ſerious word before thou goeſt.

Ara. Ay, and two merry ones if you pleaſe.

Dor. If I had taken thee Hand in Hand to the Steeple-houſe Yoke-maker, would'ſt thou have had the Impudence to have ſaid after him; I, a falſe Brother *Ananias*, take thee a true Siſter *Dorcas*, to have and to hold, to love and to cheriſh? ——Thou love and cheriſh me! when thou knoweſt thy ſelf a Woman, and hadſt it not in thee, naughty Creature.

Ara. No faith, Siſter, I ſhould never have puſh'd the Jeſt ſo far neither.

Dor. Go, go thy ways; thou art a ſad facetious Girl. (*Exit* Arabella.

Rove. Follow, Sir *Charles*, follow her, never let her go beyond thy reach, till thou haſt her ſafe; and we'll all go along with thee to be ready for Auxiliaries upon occaſion.

Bel. Well, I'll take care the Breeches ſhall be deliver'd to Sir *Charles*, this ſhall be the laſt Hour of your wearing thoſe maſculine Trophies of Tyranny.

(*Exeunt all but* Worthy *and* Dorcas.

Dor. Well, this malicious Siſter of ours had a ſtrange Plot againſt us, but I hope kind *Worthy* thou canſt heartily forgive her.

Wor. Ay, and thank the very Hand that ſnatch'd thee from me; becauſe it brings me the tranſporting Joys of this bleſt Reſtauration.

Enter Flip, *pulling in* Mizen, *who holds* Jenny Private *in his other Hand, dreſs'd like a Quaker, exactly like* Dorcas.

Flip. Now Pox on thee, come forwards with thy fair Spouſe; as thou haſt ſnapt his rich Galleon, and got the ten-thouſand-Pound Cargo, never be aſham'd of thy good Fortune, but bear up full Sail to him, and lay him athwart with her.

Miz. By my Bowſpreet, and ſo I will. Oh the ſweet Pleaſure of the Mortification I ſhall give him——Come forward, Sweeting. (*Entring with her farther upon the Stage.*) My dear Brother *Worthy*, thou ſeeſt I have made bold. We have ſign'd and ſeal'd, noble Captain.

Wor. I ſee you have.

Flip. Ay, *Bully Tar*, they are twined together as ſtrong as a firſt-Rate Cable.

Miz. Ha!——What's yonder! (*Spying the true* Dorcas.) Is that beautiful Quaker a Relation of thine?

Jen. Yea, my dear Siſter and Friend, I greet thee lovingly.

Dor. My Siſter! pray who art thou?

Jen. In my ſingle Eſtate I was called *Dorcas Zeal*; but in my Wedlock Bonds my Name is *Dorcas Mizen.*

Dor. *Dorcas* and *Zeal!*——Who gave thee thoſe Names?

Jen. None of the vain Ceremony of Godfathers and Godmothers; no verily, it is a Name I borrow'd to my ſelf, to make this dear Man happy in a Yoke-mate.

Miz. Borrow'd! in the Name of *Lucifer!*

Dor. Nay, in my Clothing too! my very Likeneſs!

Wor. I wiſh you Joy, my happy Rival!

Flip. Ay, Joy, Sir, Joy in your ten-thouſand-Pound Quaker.

Miz. Ten thouſand Torments! Joy! never was Man ſo cheated, ſo betrayed and ruin'd!——Spouſe, Monſter, Fury, *Jezabel*, who art thou?

Jen.

Jen. Shall I anſwer thee in the Language of the Sanctify'd?

Miz. No, anſwer me in thine own infernal Dialect; and tell me Fiend, whence cameſt thou?

Jen. From *London*, and ſhall pleaſe you.

Miz. A Woman of the Town, I ſuppoſe, a walking Night-Bird, in or about *Drury-Lane* wards.

Jen. Yes truly, one of that cloudy Generation. But Heavens be thanked, thoſe dark days are over with me, I ſhall ſhine out a Captain's Lady now.

Miz. Shine out a Fire-brand, Brimſtone and Smoke! a Whore, a common Strumpet.

Flip. O fy Brother *Mizen*, no more hard words, but take her to thy Boſom.

Miz. Take her to the Devil.

Flip. I tell thee, *Mizen*, thou couldſt not have pick'd out a Wife ſo fit for thee, out of a whole Regiment of Doxies; Does ſhe not own her ſelf a Piece of brittle Ware? and will ſo ſweetly ſet off thy Cabin with the reſt of thy *China*.

Wor. Ay, *Mizen*, take the Commadore's good Counſel, and bear it all with Patience; thou art as quarrelſome as a Game-Cock at a Looking-glaſs, and with as little reaſon for thy Paſſion.

Miz. Not reaſon for my Paſſion, when I'm ty'd to ſuch a Limb of Hell!

Wor. No, not when thou haſt deſerved to be ſo tied.

Miz. Deſerved!

Wor. Ay, Sir, deſerved. Didſt not thou know my Claim to this fair Creature? and with thy treacherous Deſigns to play ſo poor a Game, to invade my ſacred Right? Art thou not juſtly puniſh'd?

Dor. Yea, naughty Man, thou haſt thy juſt Reward.

Miz. Ay, noble *Worthy*, I own my ſelf a Villain, and the Hand of Heaven has reach'd me for't.

Flip. Hang thee, who pities thee? You wanted a ten-Thouſand Pounder, and muſt ſet up downright Buccaneer, and Pirate for a Wife; no Prize but *Worthy*'s *Dorcas*—— now I have married a Girl.

Wor. Thou married!

Flip. Ay, this very Morning. But my Fub's-Yacht pretends to no Thouſands, a pox of Portions, I have Yellow-Boys enow (thanks to a good Harveſt in her Majeſty's Service) to make the White and Red in the fair Cheeks of an honeſt ſmiling Bedfellow look lovely, with neither Paint nor Patch.

Wor. Where is this White and Red, with neither Paint nor Patch? Troth *Flip*, thou keep'ſt thy ruſtick Humour ſtill; to have taken a young Bride and be ſeen thus long out of her Company on the very Nuptial-Morning, is not over-modiſh, let me tell you.

Flip. Hang Ceremonies. Look you, Sir, the Wench I have taken is a plain Country Pinnace, with no gay Gildings, either at Poop or Stern; but her plain Trim ſo neat, that at firſt ſight, as ſhe ſail'd by me, a Puff of Love ſprung up ſo brisk a Gale, that I immediately tack'd round, and boarded her.

Wor. That is to ſay, you wedded her.

Flip. Right, Sir; and when the Job was done, I was oblig'd to put her in a little more modiſh Rigging, fit for the She-Mate of a Commadore; my Land-lady and ſhe are gone together to the Milliners and the Sempſtreſſes, and ſo forth——but I expect 'em——ſee here they are! Oh my ſweet Spouſe!

Enter Jiltup *and* Cribidge.

Wor. Joy, happy Sir.

Miz. The like to your fair Bride!

Jilt. I thank you, Gentlemen and Ladies, thanks to the whole fair Company. Ha!——my ſweet Couſin here! dear *Jenny*—— (*Embracing her.*

Flip. Her Couſin, ſay you!

Jilt. Ay, my beſt Dear, tho I have the Honour to be a Commadore's Lady, I muſt not grow proud, and forget my old Friends and Acquaintance. This young Lady and I were bred up Play-fellows together.

Flip. Not at her Game, I hope.

Jilt.

Jilt. Oh! yes, Sir, we were two such Intimates, two such sworn Friends, that our Delights, our Joys, our very Lives were all wound up together.

Flip. Where, where my pretty Lady-Bird, was thy Acquaintance with that Play-fellow?

Jilt. At *London*, Sir.

Flip. What part of *London?*

Jilt. The Neighbourhood of *Covent-Garden.*

Flip. Sink and *Sodom!*

Jilt. Both Lodgers in one House: Nay, and when either of us had room for a She-Bedfellow, we were those loving Fools, we always slept together.

Flip. Oh——

Jilt. This frank Confession is, I hope, my Vertue, not my Fault: I have liv'd in a bad World and play'd the Hypocrite so long, that I am now quite weary on't; besides, you're a plain-dealing honest Gentleman, and 'twould be barbarous to tell you Lyes upon your Wedding-day. You frankly married me for better for worse, perform your Vow then, and take me as you find me.

Flip. Take a Succubus!——Diseases, Poxes, Leprosy; Oh Fool! Sot! Dotard, Lunatick! —— Death I'll run mad; turn the Muzzle of a Gun down in the Powder-room, and blow my self up to the Devil.

Wor. Hold, *Flip*, no Treason! —— Blow up Her Majesty's Ship!

Flip. Blow the World up!

Miz. Ay, Brother Sufferer, marry'd to two such Miscreants, so harden'd in their Shame, they make it even their Glory to proclaim it.——Oh *Worthy*, if thou beareſt a human Soul, as basely as I plotted to betray thee, even thou thy self must pity me.

Wor. I do pity thee, pity both of you; and to prove I do so, what will you say to me, if I release you, knock off your Chains, and free you both from Slavery?

Miz. What will we say! ——We'll kneel to thee.

Flip. Worship thee.

Miz. Thou shalt command our Lives, we'll fight for thee.

Flip. Hang for thee.

Miz. Drown for thee. (*Kneeling.*)

Wor. No more of this romantick Stuff. What will you do for theſe poor Creatures?

Flip. Do for 'em——Why, Friend, I'll give a Leg or an Arm for Compoſition.

Wor. A Leg or an Arm?——A Haunch of common Swine's Fleſh would do them twice the Service. What Bread will you give 'em, to take 'em off from their leud Lives, and make two honeſt Women of 'em?

Flip. Troth I'll give my Boatſwain's Pay, ſettled for Life upon her.

Wor. That ſhall ſatisfy. Say, Girl, art thou contented?

Jilt. So well contented, Sir, that on my Knees I'll thank you. (*Kneels.*)

Flip. Say'ſt thou ſo, Girl? then Faith I'll throw thee in one twenty Brace of Pounds to rig an honeſt Houſe up of thy own, and rooſt no more in Whores Neſts.

Wor. Well, ſign this Parchment, which entitles her to Fifty Pounds a Year for Life, and I'll releaſe you——And what ſays *Mizen?*

Miz. Faith, I'll treat my *Jenny* (*pulls out a large rich Purſe*) with this Purſe of Gold, the weighty Stowage of a fair hundred Guineas, and give her the ſame Settlement into the Bargain.

Wor. Come, come, ſign, ſign then.——Now Gent'emen, in order to your Deliverance, firſt I muſt tell you both, theſe ſweet Wedlock-Nooſes were my handy Work, your Friend and Servant, *Worthy*, the head Match-maker.

Flip. and *Miz.* Thou!

Wor. Not to ruin you, but to reform you: And now for a ſafe Cure to all Fears and Dangers, the reverend Man in black that link'd you both, was only an honeſt Tar, your good Friend *Cribidge* in pious Maſquerade; and ſince there has been neither lawful Matrimony nor Conſummation, the Knot will ſoon be looſed.

Crib. You ſee, noble Captain, I'm ready to ſerve you in all Capacities.

Flip.

Flip. I thought indeed the Canonical Rascal had a hanging Look, somewhat like my Lieutenant.

Miz. Ay, hang him Rogue, a Halter would better become his Neck for a Collar, than a Surcingle his Whoreson Hide for a Girdle.

Wor. No Murmurs, thou know'st how thou deserved'st it.

Miz. Touch my past Shame no more, I'm a true Penitent.

Wor. And for thee, *Flip*, I knew thee such a Rake, that the least mad drunken Fit would run thee headlong into irrevocable Shame and Ruin; and therefore, even for thy mere Preservation, I put this innocenter Cheat upon thee, only to stand a Warning Sea-Mark to thee, against all future Shipwrecks on this Quick-sand.

Flip. By *Neptune*, and by *Mars*, thou art a brave Fellow.

Wor. And, Gentlemen, to sign your full Redemption, these Ladies shall seal Articles of Release.

Jilt. The strongest you can ask, or Law can bind; and since you have provided so handsomely for us, we are resolv'd to change our Course of Lives, and live honestly for the future. What thousands of wretched Creatures, like our selves, would willingly———

The Follies of their ill-spent Lives recal,
Turn, and live honest, could they live at all.

Jen. Yes, Female Frailty first may make 'em Sinners, but from Necessity they live and die so,

To their dark Cells and Midnight Revels led,
Not from their Thirst to Man, but Hunger for his Bread.

Wor. Well, tho I have made your Purses smart a little, you see I have made you do some good in your Generation, put a helping Hand to two poor Sinners Conversion.

Flip.

Flip. Ay, and my own Converſion too. Henceforward I'll keep ſuch honeſt Fellows as thee Company, caſt off my old dull raſcally Converſation, and learn good Senſe and Manners.

Miz. Nay, dear *Worthy*, take one new Convert more; for from this Hour I'll play the effeminate Fool no more, but bear the Face of a Man like thee, ſtrip my Fop-Cabin of all my China Baubles, Toys for Girls, and ſhew my ſelf a true Hero for my Glorious Queen.

Wor. Nay now, dear Gentlemen, you'll make me proud of this Day's happy Work.

Enter Sir Charles, *and* Arabella *in her own Dreſs*, Rovewell, *and* Belinda.

Wor. Well, dear Sir *Charles*, how ſtand the Affairs of Love?

Sir *Cha.* Faith, very well: Generous *Arabella* has hung out the white Flag, and given her Promiſe ſhe'll ſeal the ſpeedy Articles of Surrender.

Wor. Nay then, Sir, we ſhall ſee you ſhine a Conqueror.

Sir *Cha.* When this fair Hand has crown'd me one.

Ara. Yes, *Worthy*, no more of my wild Airs, no more mad Frolicks; as I have ſtudy'd to plague thee, I'll play a ſoberer Part, and ſtudy now (*Giving her Hand to Sir* Char.)

Sir *Cha.* To bleſs the happieſt of Mankind.

Wor. But what ſays *Rovewel?*

Rov. What I am proud to ſay; *Belinda*'s kind at laſt, and crowns my Love.

Belin. Yes, *Worthy*, I have at laſt play'd the true Woman, not always able to hold out invincible.

Wor. Well, Ladies, ſince the whole Preliminaries of the ſoft Peace of Love are all adjuſted, what if, according to old laudable Cuſtom, we have a little Muſick and a Dance?

Sir *Cha.* Nothing more *a propo.*

Rov. Madam, you are my Partner.

Dor. Oh fie, Friend *Rovewel*, the Females of our Congregation think it Vanity of Vanities.

Rov.

Rov. Yes, in the Country they may do't; but your *London* Friends have all the Gaiety imaginable; they ſing, they dance, wear Patches, and keep viſiting Days.

Dor. Well, rather than ſpoil your Mirth, I will walk about.

A DANCE.

After the Country Dance, enter a Servant.

Serv. Your Coxen and Boat's Crew, hearing you had got the Muſick, deſire they may preſent you with a little of their Agility.

A DANCE of Sailors.

Dor. Well, Dear *Worthy*, ſince I have heard the affected Sanctity and friendly Cant, not only from my Siſter *Arabella*, but even from that carnal Veſſel of Pollution; to make our Marriage-Yoke more chearful ſtill, from this bleſs'd Hour I'll join thy holy Worſhip.

Wor. Now I have all my utmoſt Wiſh cou'd ask.

Miz. Hold, *Worthy*, do not boaſt too proud a Triumph in making this fair Proſelyte. *Flip* and I have there outdone you, you have only made a Siſter Convert from one Faith to another, but we have converted a fair Brace of Infidels; a Work of Reformation far beyond you.

Wor. Ay, there you have outdone me: And I think, Gentlemen, you have ſet a good Example for the World in general to follow.

Oh! what a happy Change this Age wou'd find,
In all the looſer Part of Womankind,
Wou'd all their Cullies do as you have done,
And every Fool, like you, reform but one!

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